

The INDUSTRIAL PIONEER

AN ILLUSTRATED LABOR MAGAZINE

August, 1926

Price 25c



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WORLD INDUSTRY

CAPITALISM

IF —
THIS HAND SHOULD BE
WITHDRAWN :

WHAT WOULD
THE ANSWER BE ?

APPLIED
LABOR
POWER

- VANDILMAN -

PREAMBLE OF THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

The Stomach and the Undertaker

By PASQUALE RUSSO

THE FOOD BARON'S PAUNCH GAINS WEIGHT WHILE YOURS IS PREPARED FOR EMBALMING

THE ALARM clock announces the morning by its ringing; you must get up and away to work. You hesitate in leaving the warm and comfortable bed, and in doing so you feel yourself to be sick as usual; your stomach troubles you. But since you cannot well afford to lose a day's pay, you leave the bed and wash yourself, after which you take a glass of water containing a spoonful of bicarbonate of soda. You do this in the belief that it will relieve the acidity of your stomach. This however, is only an illusion. Temporarily the soda will relieve you, but in a short while you will again be tortured by the acidity of the stomach.

Going to some nearby restaurant you have your breakfast, and from there proceed to work. During the noon hour you eat a beef stew or some hash, and it is now that you discover, much to your own surprise that the bicarbonate of soda has been ineffective. In spite of this experience, you feel the need for relief, so the bicarbonate of soda is once more resorted to, continuing from day to day, from week to week and from month to month, until you are compelled to call a doctor, who, by the way, only adds to your misery. In due course, Death comes to relieve the misery, and the undertaker carts away your carcass.

The above mentioned in-

(Continued on next page.)



RESTAURANT FRUIT

What The Food Trust Makes of Man In An Age of Capitalism



Here you see a figure representing the hotel owner, the restaurant owner, the undertaker, or the coffin maker—what you like, so long as you imagine him connected with the business of purveying adulterated and unwholesome food, and carting away the victims of food poisoning. He celebrates jovially—he doesn't care what harm he does so long as he can get the cash. The hired assassin of old at least took some dangers along with his bribe—the modern gunman at least is sometimes placed on trial, like Durkin. But the killer who confines his activities within the frame of modern capitalism is not only free and unhampered in those activities—he is also one of our leading citizens. There is only one way to end the slaughter, and that is to overthrow capitalism. Let food workers, especially, remove the stain from their profession by joining Foodstuff Workers' Industrial Union No. 460, of the I. W. W.

cidents are not imaginary, but are real events that go to make up a daily tragedy taking place in all parts of United States. Thousands of men, women and children have been borne through the gate of the cemetery owing to improper regard for the stomach. They have paid the penalty of not asking the question, "Why am I sick?" The great majority, in Chicago, and elsewhere for that matter, do not trouble themselves about the stomach's welfare. Why is this? Because in most instances they are mis-informed. They concern themselves about politics, baseball and jazz, but give no thought to their illness. This is a species of folly and, in a measure, explains why thousands are forced, prematurely, to silent rest in the cemetery.

Workingmen and workingwomen, not at all ready to die; having no particular desire to increase the revenues of the undertaker, should take a moment and ask themselves the question: "Why this disorder with my stomach?"

Sad News

Statistics, alarming indeed, demonstrate that thousands of persons are killed each year in the United States by reckless drivers of automobiles. Other thousands in violating the Volstead act, commit a sort of unpremeditated suicide. Adding these two items the numbers are insignificant as compared with the deaths due to unwholesome and adulterated foods. No statistician yet has submitted a list of the victims of the greedy food barons. For a dirty dollar the boot-legger sells a poisonous concoction; he has no regard for the health of the public, and the same can be said with equal truth about another class of criminals, i. e., the restaurant owners. In order to enrich themselves, they deliberately supply large sections of the population with unwholesome food. They have no regard for the health of the public, and yet they pose as respectable citizens of the commonwealth. This greed, especially prevalent among hotel and restaurant owners, accounts, in large measure, for the loss of life of thousands.

Most persons condemn Druggan, Lake and the Gennas for selling illicit liquors to the public, and it is well that this is so, but there should also be some effective protest

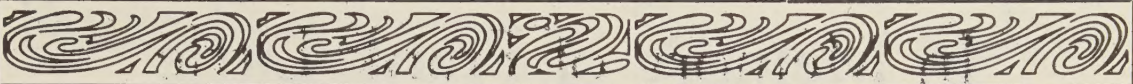
made about another class of criminals—those who deliberately sell unwholesome food to the public. The public is silent regarding this matter, in the main because the greater number of persons are kept in ignorance about the conditions maintained in every restaurant. The fact of the matter is that we are in a position to state positively that Ernest Stevens of the Hotel LaSalle, H. C. Moir of the Morrison Hotel, Joseph Byfield of the Sherman House, and hundreds of other hotel and restaurant owners are as guilty of selling unwholesome food as are the Lakes and Gennas of selling illicit liquors. This charge is not based on some fantastic dream, but on facts, obtainable by a few moments' investigation.

Booze and Food

A thirsty man, little considering the risk, accepts a drink from a bootlegger. Little does he think of the poison with which he floods the stomach. The liquor satisfies a craving. The same reasoning may be applied to man when hungry. He goes to a restaurant and orders from the bill-of-fare to satisfy his hunger, little realizing that he exposes his stomach to danger, in so doing. He eats, little thinking of how the food is prepared; the sanitation of the kitchen he never questions, and the condition of the cooking vessels never enters his mind. In a sense, no blame should fall on him; he is a victim of a system based on profit. The man who eats in a restaurant little dreams that in the kitchen is a food bootlegger, called "cook" or "chef." The cook or chef receives instructions from manager or owner, and it is this latter who is *responsible* for the insanitary conditions prevailing in kitchens, and for the unwholesome food served to the public.

The Foodlegger

In very nearly every case the proprietor of a restaurant is no more concerned about the health of his patrons than is the average boot-legger. He is in business, not for the purpose of conserving the health of the public or his patrons, but to accumulate money, and as a consequence it is no concern of his how many persons are brought to death annually by unwholesome food. True, there was a time (Cont'd on Page 30)



REVOLT

(By HENRY GEORGE WEISS)


Go tell the courts of Master-kind the blessed day is here
When men shall voice their wrongs aloud, nor cringe from them
in fear.

Go blazon it throughout the land that Freedom is awake
To strive, to struggle and achieve, to dominate and take
The social ownership away from those who would oppress
Their fellow humans with a caste that denies them redress
For all the wrongs they ever knew, for all the wrongs they know,
For all the hunger, all the want, the misery and woe.

Go shriek it from the tall house-tops, go scream it in the streets,
Go plaster edicts on the walls until the message greets
The eyes of tyrants everywhere that Freedom is awake
And saying to its chosen ones, Arise, my children, take
The stored-up plenty that is yours, the produce of your toil
For which you worked in factory, mine, and tilled the fruitful
soil,

For which you harvested the seas, for which you sailed the main,
—The wealth the few have robbed you of, and which you take
again!

Go tell the courts of Master-kind that Freedom is awake,
And saying to its enslaved ones, ALL THINGS ARE YOURS—
PARTAKE!



In Memory of Frank Little

By VIOLA GILBERT SNELL

"But in all the lurid history of Butte no event ever occurred so startling, so savage, of such sinister, evil portent as the inconceivably vicious murder of Frank Little, a cripple, last Wednesday morning.

"Every decent-thinking man, woman and child in this community was stricken with horror when the news of this frightful crime was published. . . .

"The realization was forced home, and then came the thought, 'What kind of brutes, what fiends in human form, could perpetrate such an outrage?'

"The papers endeavored to magnify every utterance of this man to the proportions of treason.. yet, most of the things he said are, and for many months have been, heard wherever men congregate and discuss current events. Be that as it may, the grewsome fact remains that Frank Little was foully murdered—and his murderers are still at large.

"But the working people of this district are aroused—and every one in Butte now realizes it. Nearly seven thousand people—to be exact, 6,800—followed Frank Little's body to its last resting place."—SOLIDARITY, August 18, 1917.



The plains you loved lie parched in the sun,
The streets you trampled are sweltering in the heat,
The fertile fields are arid with the drought,
The forests thick with smoldering fires and smoke.

Traitor and demagogue,
Wanton breeder of discontent—
That is what they call you—
Those cowards, who condemn sabotage
But hide themselves
Not only behind masks and cloaks
But behind all the armored positions
Of property and prejudice and the law.

Staunch friend and comrade,
Soldier of solidarity—
Like some bitter magic
The tale of your tragic death

Has spread throughout the land,
And from a thousand minds
Has torn the last shreds of doubt
Concerning Might and Right.

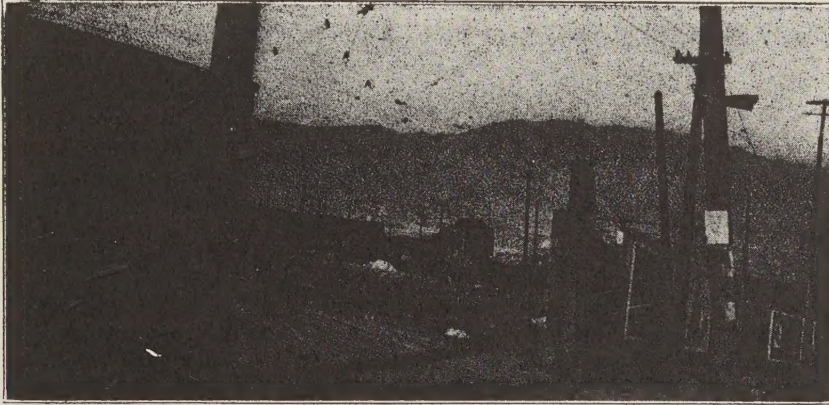
Young and virile and strong—
Like grim sentinels they stand
Awaiting each opportunity
To break another
Of slavery's chains
For WHATEVER stroke is needed
They are preparing.
So shall you be avenged.

Within our hearts is smouldering a heat
Fiercer than that which parches fields and plains;
Your memory, like a torch, shall light the flames
Of Revolution. We shall not forget.

Butte Employers in Secret Conclave

— PLUS A STENOGRAPHER! —

By A. S. EMBREE



The Picture To The Left Is That of The Car Barns In Butte, The Strike Spread To The Street Car System, And The Manager of The Company Took Part In The Plot To Bring Martial Law.

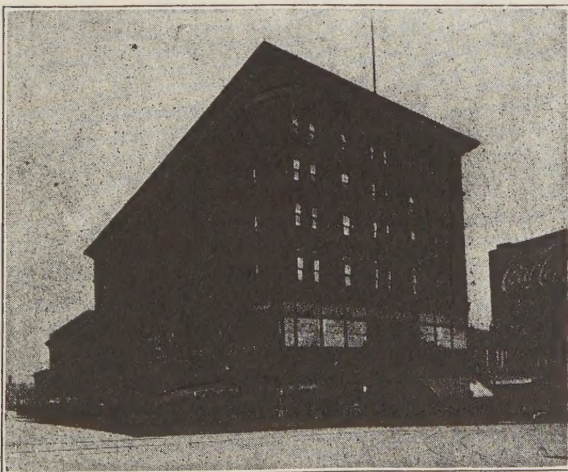
EARLY IN the month of February, 1919, notices were posted on the bulletin boards at the mines of the Anaconda Copper Mining Co. of Butte, and also at the mines owned by W. A. Clark and the other independent companies, announcing that, starting with that day, wages would be reduced one dollar a day.

There had been rumors of this cut for some weeks past. The Anaconda Standard and the Butte Post (one a democrat paper and the other a republican, both owned by A. C. M.) and the Butte Miner (owned by Clark), had been filled with propaganda for some time. This propaganda was mainly along the line that the cost of food and clothing was too high and that prices must be readjusted. Reports of committees appointed to examine the cause for high retail prices were published and in a general way the idea was conveyed that this investigation would result in a lowering of retail prices of food, clothing and rent all along the line. At the same time it was pointed out that the copper mining companies, with a surplus of copper on their hands amounting to more than one million pounds, would have to take some steps to curtail production or decrease its cost.

The great lesson of the 1917 strike and the short strike of September, 1918, was that in order to make a strike of miners successful it was necessary to have the full cooperation of the members of the A. F. of L. unions who were working on the hill. There were about sixteen of these unions, those in the key positions being the engineers and electricians. The former included hoistmen and pumpmen organized in Moyer's Intl. Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers;

the latter were in the regular A. F. of L. union of electricians. As the hoists were run by electrical power, the electricians employed by the Montana Power Co. (a subsidiary of the A. C. M.) occupied a strategic position. In 1917 the electricians had struck with the miners with the exception of a group in the powerhouses, but the engineers stubbornly refused to come out.

Following the great strike of 1917 which had been carried on by an independent union of the miners and the I. W. W., the miners still held a strong organization which had passed under the leadership of the Metal Mine Workers Industrial Union of the I. W. W. Profiting by the experience gained in their last strikes, late in 1918 the miners sought to bring about a close understanding with the rank and file of the A. F. of L. unions. The miners at this time were also faced with another problem: soldiers were



In The Upper Floor Of This Building Is The Real Government of Montana, Offices of The Anaconda.

returning from the front in large numbers and were being put to work in the mines. Many of them had been members of the I. W. W., but in order to reach all of these returning soldiers, and at the same time get co-operation desired with members of the craft unions, it was deemed advisable to form a council of workers, patterned as was natural at that time, after the Soldiers, Sailors and Workers Councils of Russia.

Accordingly a Soldiers and Workers Council was started late in 1918, composed of delegates from the I. W. W. and from many of the unions of the A. F. of L., a few of the latter representing their unions officially but most of them sent by radical groups of their unions. Meetings of returned soldiers were held and delegates elected to represent them. By the first of February the Council had acquired considerable strength.

The propaganda being broadcast by the company papers did not escape the notice of the miners. The possibility of being forced to face a cut in wages was discussed both in the I. W. W. meetings and the Soldiers and Workers Council. But as there was no direct intimation of when the cut would be made, no action had been taken.

On the morning of Feb. 7th, then, the posting of the notices announcing the wage cut took the miners somewhat by surprise. At all the mines there was hot discussion in the change rooms and the sentiment of the miners favored the calling of a mass meeting to plan for action. When the miners came off the hill that evening, hundreds of them flocked to the I. W. W. hall on Wyoming St. and arrangements were made for mass meetings to be held the afternoon and evening of the following day.

But next morning, at the Elm Orlu mine, owned by Clark, while the miners were talking it over in the change room, a number of them expressed themselves decidedly in favor of immediate action.

Several of the miners went out and spoke to the group gathered around the shaft waiting for the whistle and a vote was taken on the spot. The vote was all one way and the entire day shift started down the hill. They had not gone far when they decided to go over to the Black Rock mine where a large crew was employed and they succeeded in reaching that mine before all the day shift was lowered. Another meeting was held and the crew of the Black Rock joined the strike, many of those who had already been lowered coming up on the next cage after they heard the news.

These two bodies of men, numbering almost a thousand, came marching down the hill, singing their class songs, and paraded into the I. W. W. hall for a meeting.

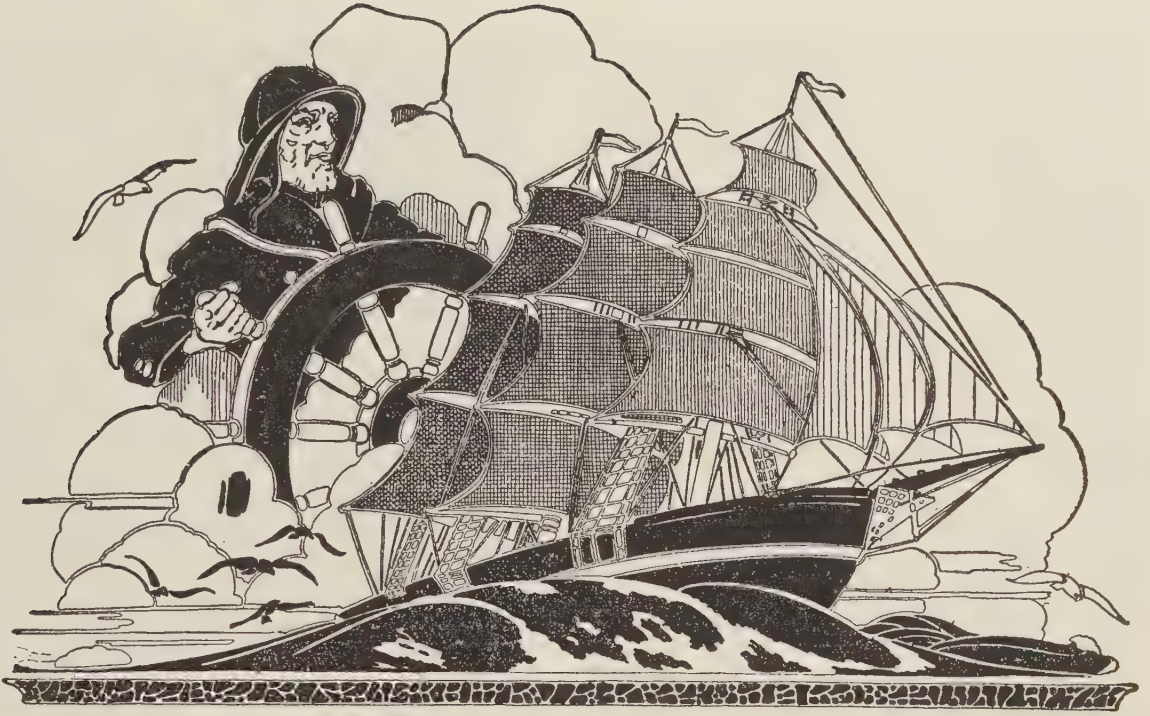
The mass meetings took place, the strike was voted and demands were formulated. Then the strike committee elected was instructed to co-operate fully with the Soldiers and Workers Council with the idea of making the strike general. Four delegates were elected to represent the I. W. W.

on the Council during the strike. The Butte Daily Bulletin, owned by the labor unions of Butte, supported the Council and the strike.

A meeting of the Council was called immediately and took up the work. During the first few days of the strike picket lines were maintained and it was the policy of many of the craft unionists to go up the hill until they reached the picket line and then turn back. The Council issued calls to all the craft unions to hold meetings and vote to join the strike. They worked especially on the members of the engineers, electricians and street carmen. The third day of the strike a mass of pickets went to the car barns at an early hour and turned back the first street cars being brought out. The carmen then held a meeting in the barn and decided not to run the street cars until after their regular business meeting. The electricians met and decided not to strike formally but as individuals; nearly all of them came off the jobs with the exception of those in the employ of the Montana Power Co. About half the members of the engineers union quit work as individuals. In addition workers employed by the water company voted to strike and pulled their men off the jobs; the iron foundry workers struck; the Butte Workmen's Union joined the strike; many of the teamsters came out; the newsboys declared a strike on the Butte Post; the machinists, the blacksmiths, the steamfitters, came off their jobs either completely or for the greater part of their forces. The bakery workers, the butchers, the cooks and waiters, the clerks and many other of the town workers sent their delegates to the council and offered to cease work when called upon. The Domestic Union of the I. W. W., against the orders of the Council, called their members off the job and tied up all the boarding houses, many of the restaurants and deprived the hotels of the services of chambermaids. Many of the A. F. of L. cooks and waiters walked out of the restaurants when the dishwashers (belonging to the I. W. W.) struck. They consented to return to work the following day when a committee from the Council pointed out to them that it was not advisable to close the restaurants until arrangements could be made to feed the strikers.

This was the situation when, about the fourth day of the strike a company of soldiers came to Butte, sent in by orders from Washington, Major Jones and Major Halloran in command.

At this point in the course of the strike a meeting of mine managers and business men was called by a group who styled themselves the County Council of Defence, Labor and Financial Interests. The meeting was not advertised and although the Workers Council heard of it, they did not get the details. Years later the stenographic report of this meeting came into the possession of a radical in Butte, and we are able to give now excerpts from the speeches made by most of the parties who were at the meeting. (Cont'd on Page 43)



The Port of Missing Ships

—By T. P. SULLIVAN—

MUCH HAS been heard of the Port of Missing Ships, which of course denotes the resting place of ships that have during a voyage dropped out of sight never to be heard of again.

Many are the mysteries of the deep. Many ships in days gone by have sailed out of ports of Europe bound for the western world and new lands to conquer and many of them have never returned. On some of these ships the crews mutinied, killed the officers, or put them adrift in open boats. Some of them survived and reached their homelands to tell the tale, others were never heard from and the fate of the ships has thus remained a mystery. In the vernacular of the sea they are in the Port of "Missing Ships," the place consigned to ships that are unheard from.

During the days of the Vikings and other daring seafarers, the crews in many instances mutinied against the commanders of the voyages and defied the royal houses of Europe under whose name and by the grace of whose power the expeditions had set out to find and conquer new worlds in the name of some reigning sovereign, and many are the tales brought back by these hardy and daring men of the fabulous wealth discovered during the course of the voyage.

The voyages of the Vikings, Columbus, Magellan and Cortez were all fraught with the possibilities of disaster and mutiny and many is the member of the crews of these expeditions that have been forced to "walk the plank" because he could no longer stand the hardships perpetrated upon him by a commander whose only interest was to conquer new lands in the name of his sovereign to gain favor with the royal court. In some instances instead of individual mutiny, a spontaneous rebellion took place and the crews took possession of the ships and entered into the piracy and marauding field, seizing

the other ships and confiscating the wealth of their expeditions or capturing ships trading between some colonial possession and the homeland.

The seamen who embarked on these voyages were the hardest of types and in many instances neither knew nor cared what dangers beset them, but through love of adventure and to fathom the mysteries that lay beyond the horizon they set out—knowing not whether they would ever return. This phase of daring is significant because in those days many thought that the world was flat and if a ship sailed far enough it would fall off the earth and into some deep abyss, probably into the River Styx and enter a land where the demons reigned supreme and where scorching and everlasting fire awaited them as a result of their daring.

Many times during the course of the voyage, when the food supply ran low and rations were cut to a minimum the men were forced to eat the leather chafing gear from the masts and rigging in order to sustain life. The superstitions that entered their minds drove many of them into frenzied fevers of terror and it was indeed difficult to hold such expeditions under lawful command and many mutinies occurred.

The officers and commanders during these voyages drove the men for all they could get out of them and an objection against the lawful command was summarily dealt with.

It was indeed gratifying to the members of these expeditions when land was sighted and in most instances it was strange land beset with the dangers of cannibalistic savages and unfriendly tribes who instinctively knew that the white man was coming on a voyage that meant no good to them. Even after being conquered and subjugated to the will of the royal sponsor of the voyage the natives revolted against the rule of the white men and many battles ensued in which the crews of these ships were swept off like flies or else were forced to take to sea, to escape the

wrath of the savage tribesmen.

Conditions such as these drove the men to a fit of despondency but after landing at some of the friendly islands where the natives were more tolerant the seamen's spirits were buoyed up and they became lighthearted and filled with hope. During the stay at these islands they found the natives Nature loving peoples, whom Nature itself had endowed with all the necessities of life, and labor outside that which was absolutely necessary was taboo and unheard of. Up to this time the greed and avidity of the white man was unknown to these tribes and the crews of the expedition envied the natives for their carefree existence and thus was the seed of rebellion sown amongst the crew, who rightfully deduced the conclusion that nothing but hardship and endless toil and danger faced them on their voyage and the return to the homeland, while on the other hand here was a people who neither toiled nor spun and were blessed with the bounties of nature, more than sufficient to satisfy their every caprice, whim and desire.

To these hardy and daring seamen, the life of the tribesmen appealed and it was with difficulty that those in command were able to keep the discipline which was necessary to maintain the parts of the expedition in contact and control. The ships of the expedition stayed at these islands for many months replenishing their food supplies and taking on water for the return voyage or for further conquest.

Hatchets and other domestic necessities of civilized life were introduced to the tribes and accepted in exchange for jewels and charms which were of immense value in the civilized countries of Europe. The natives revered the clock and hearing it tick the seconds away thought it was imbued or controlled by some spirit whose wrath they feared and in many instances fled in a panic into the woods to escape from the power which moved the hands of the clock and continually 'spoke' to the natives in a language that they were unfamiliar with and which sometimes filled them with awe and again with terror.

The seamen knew that here was a paradise, where they could live without the necessity of toil and exist economically secure in the bounties of nature which they observed on all sides and on the other hand, on shipboard, they faced a life of gruesome toil with misery and danger everywhere.

This impression in the minds of the seamen brought rebellion nearer still and in many cases such as the mutiny of H. M. S. Bounty in 1789, the seamen could



Sailors Have Too Much of This Kind of Life During Winter Storms



The Travelling Bourgeois Guzzle at Tables the Sailors
See Perhaps But Newer Use.

no longer stand the hardships of the return voyage. The crew of the *Bounty* put Commander Bligh and eighteen others in an open boat in the South Pacific and left them to their fate, and turned the ships head back to the island of Otaheite. The commander and the other eighteen men navigated the thirty-five foot boat four thousand mile through treacherous seas to Coupang Bay where the survivors landed and were received with all the courtesy and consideration of the population and after sufficient recuperation they were placed aboard a Dutch ship bound for the Isle of Wight and back home to Britain to tell the world of this remarkable feat and test of endurance coupled with an undying will to survive their fate. It is significant that despite the hardships and misery of these eighteen men, all survived the four thousand mile trip but six of the men died as a result of the exposure while on their return to England on the Dutch ship. On the arrival of the survivors in England the king immediately dispatched H. M. S. *Pandora* to scour the seas in search of the mutineers and to bring them back to stand trial and face death at

the hands of a court martial.

Some of the mutineer stayed at the island of Otaheite and the rest, fearing that the story would be heard with the result that the government would send out ships to search for them, refitted the ship and sailed for parts unknown taking with them fifteen native Otaheiteans and eighteen native women for the purpose of establishing a colony on some out of the way island where they would be free from molestation and harm. These women of Otaheite were beautiful and their skin was of olive texture; they were sympathetic by nature and needless to say each of the crew of the "*Bounty*" had had lady friend in the tribe.

H. M. S. *Pandora* arrived at Otaheite and took the mutineers who remained there back to England to stand trial. The ship on its return trip to England foundered and many of the prisoners went down with the ship, but about twelve survived and were court martialled and all but four put to death by the sentence of the court.

Those who did not stay at the island of Otaheite but set out on their own, arrived at an island now known as Pitcairn's Island in the South Pacific, where they lived for about fifty years, unheard of by the civilized world. Internal conflict between the Otaheiteans and the mutineers over the women and other causes resulted in the death of many of the mutineers, until a British ship arrived and found but one of the mutineers still surviving although the island and colony founded by them had a population of 123 people who were their descendants.

Many is the mutiny that has taken place similar to this one of H. M. S. *Bounty* in which the crews have never been heard from and either perished or settled on some unknown island and have not been located and so have been confined to the class of missing ships and men in the Port of Missing Ships.

In those days the crews unable to stand the brutality of the officers mutinied and the governments were forced to use extreme measures



So the Slave of the Wave Longs For This Primitive Comfort and Ease



SLEEPING QUARTERS ON SHIPBOARD IN THE TROPICS
—VERY HOT

to hold the men in check and woe betide the mutinous crew who were captured on the high seas by a man of war of any nation. If captured by an English ship they were courtmartialled and sentenced to death, by other nationalities the punishment was more severe and frightful and served as an example to seamen not to mutiny under any circumstances.

For the suppression of piracy, the Portuguese, in their early intercourse with India, had a summary punishment, and accompanied it with a terrible example, to deter others from the commission of this crime or even of mutiny. Whenever they took a pirate ship or a ship that had mutinied, they instantly hanged every man, carried away the sails, rudder, and everything that was valuable in the ship and left her to be buffeted about by the winds and the waves, with the carcasses of the pirates or mutineers dangling from the yards, a horrid object of terror to all who might chance to fall in with her. And other countries had other penalties; even to this day a spice of these laws still remains in the maritime code of some of the European nations.

Piracy and mutiny were considered the most abhorrent of crimes in those days and it was even difficult for a commander of a vessel to explain to a courtmartial that his ship had been wrecked or foundered in a storm, the government practically always assuming a mutiny or an act of piracy; this was especially true when the commander of a lost ship and the crew were picked up on some island by a ship sent out to search for them and taken back to stand trial. The master was held entirely responsible for the fate of the ship, unlike the practice today when under the maritime code of most nations, including the United States, a mishap can be attributed to the hand of God and not to any negligence on the part of the master of the ship and its crew. Thus, in those days, if the pilot through ignorance or negligence lost the vessel, he was required to make full satisfaction to the merchant for the vessel or any

damage sustained during a voyage, or lose his head as an alternative. In the case of wrecks, where the lord of the coast should be found in league with the pilots, and there was evidence that they ran the ship on rocks to get salvage, the said lord, the salvors, and all concerned were declared to be accursed and excommunicated, and punished as thieves and robbers; and the pilot was condemned to be hanged on a high gibbet, which was to abide and remain to succeeding ages on the place where erected, as a visible caution to pilots of other ships sailing thereby. Nor was the fate of the lord of the coast less severe; his property was to be confiscated and himself fastened to a post in the midst of his own mansion, which, being fired at the four corners, was all to be burned together; the wall of the mansion demolished and the spot on which it stood to be converted into a market place for the sale of hogs and swine only, to all posterity.

These and many other usages of barbarity were transferred into the maritime code which formed the *jus mercatorium* for a long period, and in which great care was taken for the security of ships against their crews. An act less than mutiny was in many instances punished by excruciatingly torturing the members of the crew who had a hand in it. According to a book, a copy of which is at present in the library of the Admiralty in England and known as the "The Black Book of the Admiralty" the following clauses denote the punishments for certain acts that were deemed detrimental to the ship or its owner:

Whoever draws a sword upon the master of a vessel, or willfully falsifies the compass, shall have his right hand nailed to the mast.

Whoever behaves riotously shall be punished by being keel hauled.

Whoever is guilty of rebellion against the lawful command shall be thrown overboard. (made to "walk the plank.")

As the western world and all large territories came under civilized influence and became inhabited by the white race and means of communication



COOL, COMFORTABLE NATIVE CLUBHOUSE ON SOUTH
SEA ISLAND



Above, Dutch Ships of the Seventeenth Century; To the Left, Spanish Galleon of the Sixteenth Century. These Vessels, With English, French and Portuguese Ships of Similar Make, Carried the Adventurers.

were more readily established with the isolated parts of the world, fear became a thing of the past to the seamen and we see many acts of heroism today in the rescues of ships and crews, without any thought on the part of the rescuers of their own personal safety.

As the world came under civilized influence and tolerance became more general through the struggle of the oppressed to right the wrongs that had been inflicted upon them, we find that many of these extreme laws and punishments in relation to the sea have not been enforced, that is the corporal punishment or physical tortures connected with them, but prison terms are still a reality.

In the days of Bligh, Magellan and others it

was not possible to desert a ship without facing a penalty of death for desertion and desertion was next to impossible without the aid of the rest of the crew and so necessarily a mutiny was the only possible way in which a crew could escape the misery and hardships perpetrated upon them and they were always in danger of ships searching for them as soon as the mutiny became known so that it was a matter of course for them to take the ship in order to be able to flee as danger of their being captured approached.

As civilization advanced into the recesses of the strange lands, they became more populated and settled and it was not very difficult to flee from

Piracy and ship stealing are now capitalised. It is one more case of little producers developing an industry, and then having the gigantic trust take over the works. Ships are no longer stolen by groups of mutineers, on the job. The capitalist class, through its executive committee, the national government, attends to that. Here to the right you see a photograph of the largest steamer afloat, now called the "Leviathan." It was built in Germany, and for a short time sailed the seas under the name, "Vaterland." When the World War broke loose (and this war was merely a duel between two gangs of modern pirates, ordinarily called "capitalists"), the "Vaterland" formed part of the loot. She was stolen by the shipping trust of America, and her sister ship, the "Imperator," was grabbed off by the British shipping trust, at that time in a criminal conspiracy with the American outfit.



a ship or desert in some land where the climate and natural resources and bounties were sufficient to satisfy the human appetite and desire of the seamen and to open a new world to them so that they could live an individual existence without fear of reproach from the hand of the law or the moral code laid down by society for them before they were born. The seaman is a natural rebel against the conventions of society and the wanderlust is greater in him the more he travels; he refuses to give in to those who attempt to make him conform with the laws and practices of civilized morals and ethics. He is imbued with a desire to find a paradise, a heaven on earth. He has visited many strange lands and sees in each of them some of the things he would like to enjoy and live for and so he deserts a ship in any part of the world that appeals to him and leads a carefree and contented existence away from the world of hustle and bustle and commercialism, which by his very nature he rebels against, and by this rebellion he becomes a part of the vanguard of a new society and a better world where more equality reigns and where he produces for himself and not for profit to inflate the bank account of some employer as he would do under the present system of production.

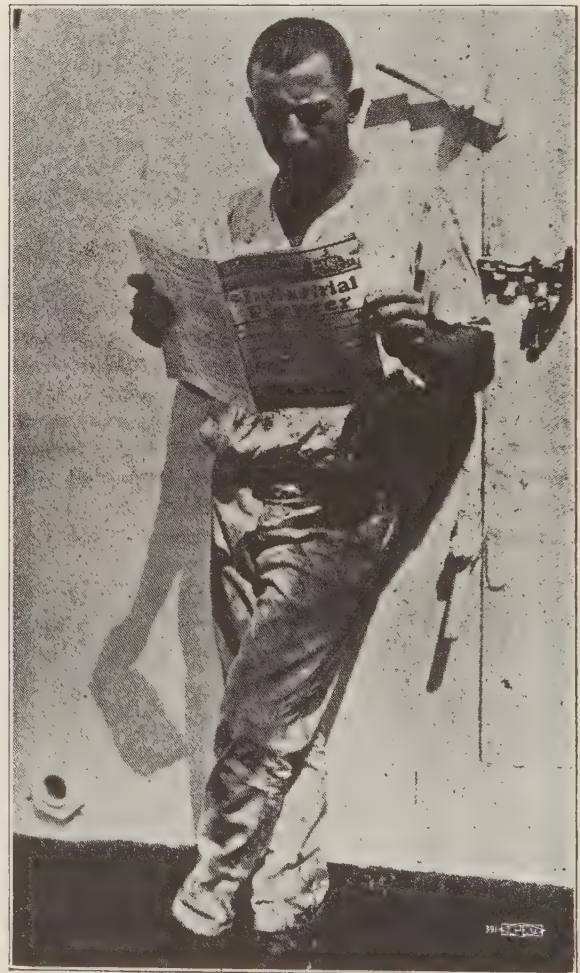
He leaves the ship in some strange land and leads an individual existence, as colorful as can be found, and which is the theme of many a playwright, who refers to the existence of the "beach comber" in some tropical land unperturbed by the call of the boatswain at 8 bells and with never a worry entering his mind as nature has supplied him with all the things that are necessary and man's law does not enter into his existence. It serves as an escape mechanism from a realistic world and he is satisfied as the rest of the world rolls by.

The spirit of the Norsemen and other daring explorers still courses through the veins of some of the seamen, especially that type that has organized to better conditions aboard the ships and thereby has incurred the enmity of the shipowners. Like the rebels of old he no longer will put up with the abominable conditions that exist and he openly shows his defiance to the master and shipowners when they attempt to force hardships upon him or mistreat him as they many times attempt to do. Many acts he commits now at sea are common and nothing is thought of them. In days gone by they were considered mutinous acts. He has raised himself to the same level as the captain and does not fear him and will openly resent any encroachments from that source. It is of this type that the I. W. W. is composed and so they fight for better conditions aboard ships with all the vim and vigor at their command and they have succeeded in bettering conditions and thereby alleviating the hard obnoxious life of the seaman aboard ship.

Once in a while the seamen through solidarity

have put up a united front against the encroachments of the shipowners and they have been victorious and have succeeded in bringing the new society a step nearer and as a result the old laws contained in the "Black Book of the Admiralty" are used against them and they are brought into port in chains and sent to prison on frameup charges of mutiny, which only means they were fighting against the encroachments on their life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, declared in the Declaration of Independence to be their right.

The seamen have tasted of liberty in strange lands and they seek to imbibe of the nectar, the drink of the gods, more freely, the drink of freedom, with equality and justice for all and production for use and not for profit. Such is the aim of the seamen enrolled under the banner of the Marine Transport Workers Industrial Union No. 510 of the Industrial Workers of the World. They are seeking the Port of Missing Ships, which to them means liberty and economic security and the better things of life for the workers who make life possible.



**I. W. W. MEMBER OF CREW OF MODERN STEAMER
He Has the Same Will To Be Free that Drove the Vikings
and the Mutineers to Heroic Deeds**

This is a story of labor and life in California, about the year 1916. That was ten years ago, just before the United States went into the war. Those were the days of preparedness, of the invasion of Mexico, of the crushing of the little farmers, of the biggest real estate coups, of the Mooney case and of strange circuitous attempts at suppression of free speech and persecution of union labor. That was a period of unprecedented scandals in all stages of society, of enormous graft, of intrigue and fanaticism. Among the half sick, religion mad, exploited and exploiting inhabitants of Southern and Central California the characters of this novel make their way—gradually learning, as the reader simultaneously learns, what was back of the scheming of the Edison Co., what caused the great “spiritual revivals,” why the towns like Vernon were left to flaunt their purple sins in the face of “chemically pure” metropolises, how the “frame-up” is sometimes circumvented, how workers sometimes win—and the freaks of fate. It will seem to some that this novel, beginning in the sweaty quiet of a dairy ranch, soon develops into both melodrama and burlesque as the hero and his friends and enemies are forced to leave their retirement and plunge into the whirlpool of events. For this the author does not apologize; so far as he can see, life itself is very melodramatic when it is not a roaring farce—especially in California. Anything can happen in California.

THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE

(By CARD No. 794514)

Chapter I.

A HARD HEARTED EDEN

MARMION JONES swept up, with an artful, quick, snakey motion of his fork, some loose strands of alfalfa that had dropped from the windrow when he doubled it. He placed them on the already formed haycock, the last in the windrow, and stuck his fork in the top of it. Over in the next windrow the Wob was doing the same, and they met as they both started for the ranch house. It was just twelve o'clock, in the hayfield of J. G. Jones, the dairy farmer. The hot California sun beat down out of an absolutely clear, blue, cloudless sky and as they walked over the short, stiff alfalfa stubble, grasshoppers bounced out of their road, and a little dust rose in spots where their toes kicked against dry gopher mounds. There was a gentle sizzling, singing sound all around—myriads of grass insects were joyously celebrating.

The Wob called attention to it, “Happy little buggers, ain’t they?” he said. “I like ’em better than a lot of other bugs I’ve known. No one builds a flop-house for them, full of wire chicken coops called rooms, and, no one furnishes them with their meals free, charging human beings two bits a night for the privilege of being a louse’s supper.”

“What kind of a noise do those bugs make?” said Marmion, grinning, as he looked at the Wob. He liked to tease the Wob. They were only a little different in size, and the Wob was apparently

only a few years older, that is, he might have been twenty-one or two, while Marmion was only “going on eighteen.”

“Well,” answered the Wob, “I never heard one sing, but they ought to make a noise like that thing buzzing in there.” He pointed to the square green painted pump house, where the electric motor whined. Nature in the San Joaquin valley of California is a very prudent goddess, and chary with her gifts. There is not enough water to make alfalfa grow, and the dairy farmers, as well as all fruit and truck ranchers, have to pump the water needed for their land out of the ground. Deep pits are dug, twenty feet, thirty feet, forty feet, yes they keep getting deeper, year after year, as the level of the ground water for which all farmers seek sinks lower and lower. In each of these pits they put a centrifugal pump, connected with an electric motor, drawing water from a bored well below it. The switchboard stands at the head of the pit, in a little “pump house.” The water roars mildly and benignly is at spurts in a six- or eight-inch solid stream into the reservoir. It was such a reservoir and such a pump house they were approaching as they talked.

But here another sound cut into the air, a pitiful rattling, scratching, squeaking noise. Marmion was killing a gopher which had been drowned out of an irrigated “check” of land, and had been caught toddling up the bank of the reservoir. When the gopher saw the two humans approaching,

he reared his furry, insignificant bulk on his hind quarters, fanned the air with his absurd little front paws, gritted his teeth and snarled. He was no coward, was he—Ajax defying the lightning had nothing on him when it came to supreme, unterrified audacity. But Marmion killed him as calmly as he had piled the hay, with two or three stamps of his shoe.

The Wob looked back and smiled bitterly, but made no move to interfere or protest. He only said to Marmion, "You're a funny kid. You don't believe in evolution because your Maw can't bear to think of 'Nature Red in Claw and Beak', but you and your Paw are the only parts of it that I ever saw really killing things around here. Jack Rabbit and John Farmer, and the gophers and the farmers' sons fight to the death—all the time—real struggle for the survival of the fittest; if you kill enough of them you raise the hay, and if enough of them live, they cut your alfalfa for you, and eat it too—clear case of struggle for existence, and you struggle—but you won't believe you struggle."

Marmion shrugged his shoulders. He had no time for sentimentality. Farming was a hard, dry, dirty business—full of poverty, no room for pity. Something of the heat and the dirt and the sweat and the menace of failure overpowered him as he burried his face in the can full of cool water caught just where it rushed into the reservoir.

As he drank it, he almost grudged its loss to the alfalfa—water was like liquid gold this year in value. He saw his father's anxious face every time he looked at the pump house—the Mt. Whitney Light and Power Co. charged all the traffic would bear, and he knew the meaning behind the Wob's comparison of this electric pump with the lice in a rooming house. The pump not only sucked the ground water out, but it sucked the bottoms out of the farmers' pockets.

"What beats me again," said the Wob, as they walked on, their thirst a little slaked, towards the white ranch house plain in sight through the cottonwoods around it, "is how you, Kid, with as much education as you have, going to high school these three years now, and starting another one day after tomorrow, can still go on believing in private property and the God of private property. Now here is your old man, poor devil; he thinks he owns this ranch. He hires me to work on it, and I won't work more than eight hours a day. But he works sixteen, and you work eight besides going to school, and neither one of you ever had a moment you could call your own. And neither he nor you will ever have a dollar that is really your own. Either the Mt. Whitney has it, or the grocer has it, or the veterinary has it, or some other bushwah has it, mortgaged to him at least six months before your old man gets his paws on it, and there you are. They're Hoosierin' up on you, Kid, and you and your old man go right on, as if you liked it.

He'll die of overwork in a couple of years now, and you'll inherit his job—which is dog-robbing Mother Nature for the bushwah—a kind of flunkying for a two-legged parasite."

"No," said Marmion soberly, "he knows alright. That's why he sends me to high school. He wants me to be a business man. They teach me shorthand and stenography, and bookkeeping. About the time I get through, the farm will go broke, I guess."

"Oh, Hell," answered the Wob, "No, it won't yet. They have to have their dog-robbers. They'll keep the old man running for a little while. But you ain't starting out right to be a parasite. When did old Morgan ever do any shorthand? You ain't going to be a buzzwah, you're going to be a white-collar slave, God help you."

They came into the pleasant warm shade of the cottonwoods just then, and saw Marmion's father, bent and gray before his years, washing his wrinkled red neck at the pump. They washed too, and drank again—you can't get enough to drink in these hot haying days in the San Joaquin—and then they went into the house. The table was loaded—the farmers do not starve, whatever their worries. There was roundsteak and roast pork and potatoes, and rice and red beans. There was "pickellilly" and preserved fruit—regular California farmers' fare. There were no green vegetables. Ranchers don't eat them. They raise such things for the market. Jones thought lettuce and other similar "frills" filled up your stomach and didn't give you any strength. But there was milk and butter and buttermilk. After all, Marmion's father ran a dairy ranch. And somehow or other, in spite of his hatred of new-fangled notions, common to all farmers, everywhere, the new idea that milk and butter were good for the health didn't seem quite so strange to him as it did to other farmers—the neighbor next door who had a truck patch and raised watermelons, for instance. That neighbor thought buying butter was a wicked extravagance, and always had oleo on his table. There was bad feeling between them on that point.

Marmion's father finished a short grace. Marmion's mother sat at the table during the grace, fervently following the stilted, archaic Bible language with her withered lips. Perhaps she liked it especially because it was so different from uninteresting every day talk. She was not very old, not twice Marmion's age, and she had a romantic streak in her, surely, one time at least, as witness the name she gave her son. Romance, and love of adventure, however, if they persisted in her now, were degenerated into pietism and spiritual strife. She was dried out; she was thin, and lank, and her face was blistered from the oak wood fire over which she cooked. Her religion, however, caused her to bear her cross well, without complaint. Indeed, she seemed to receive some pleasure from the very weariness of her labors; certainly she

never asked her husband to buy her any of the new kitchen implements that mail order catalogues urged upon the countryside.

When the grace was finished she went back to her stove. The biscuits must not burn. Thereafter during their meal she divided her time between the stove and the doorway, between kitchen and dining room, interrupting the vigorous conversation of the men folks only to keep her husband from swearing. There was always some danger that old J. G. Jones might take the name of the Lord in vain when he got on the subject of oleomargarine. There was now some bill or other up before Congress to make it no longer obligatory on the manufacturers of margarine to label their product "artificial butter," and if it passed, J. G. foresaw that it would ruin the dairy business.

The Wob grinned familiarly, and took an easy share in the conversation. Frank Silva, the hired Portuguese milker, grinned too, in contempt, and did not talk. He didn't know what it was all about, but he didn't care. He wanted just a few more weeks until he had enough money saved to "taka da-cows-on-shares" and be an independent farmer too. He had been "independent" three times before, and each time somehow he lost his cows, and had to go back to wage labor. But he had all the optimism of dense ignorance. The Wob used to argue with him at times in the bunkhouse, until he found out from a chance remark of Silva's that his only impression on the milker was to produce in him a conviction that if he ever had the "cows-on-shares" and needed a milker himself he would never hire an I. W. W., after which the Wob abandoned him as a hopeless scissorbill, and devoted his attention to Marmion.

Now, for Marmion's sake, and not because he hoped to affect Marmion's old man, he argued about oleo, and law and the social system. "Why don't you farmers recognize that you got to lose your ranches, sooner or later, and tell the bankers to go to hell, and Congress too? Take it easy until they take your ranch, because they'll get it away, whenever they want it, and stop being a slave to them like this. Then when you've lost it, you can join the industrial union of your class—"

But the rest was lost in a sputter of rage and profanity from J. G. Jones . . . "Why God rot you," the old man wound up, "I've worked for this farm, I began right where you are now, and I got this piece of earth . . ."

"When did you begin," snapped the Wob, for he wasn't used to being sworn at, and he was beginning to get mad, too. "You began when it was open country and any man's for the pickin'—how long will you keep it—now that it isn't open country, no more room for everybody, too many fish in the pool and the big fish eatin' the little ones?"

"Uh," said Marmion diffidently, "maybe he's right. We'll probably lose it."

"We'll danged sure lose him first," retorted Marmion's father grimly, and pulled out his checkbook.

Marmion looked a little abashed. But he said nothing. Obedience lay strongly upon him, and he knew his father was determined, from many reasons, to get rid of the Wob. He wouldn't have hired him, anyway, only men were unusually scarce just now, and the Wob, who came through here every year, was a "right good hay hand," even if "hell and high water" wouldn't make him work longer than eight hours a day.

Then as the Wob went out of the door, nonchalantly tucking the check into his shirt pocket, Marmion's mother was upon them, with a shocked and trembling voice, scolding his father for blasphemy and cursing. Before the impromptu sermon was ended, they had all promised, to pacify her, that they would go to hear the Rev. Jonathan Jenkinson, at his special revival meeting next day, in Agua Nueva. Marmion tried to slide out of the trip, but his mother was insistent. Marmion did not like the directness and fervency of the Rev. Jonathan Jenkinson, and he hated his pasty-faced, self-satisfied, sleek son, the already famous "Boy Preacher Jenkinson," who would surely be there. He knew the "boy preacher" well enough—they went to school together. But his mother forced him, so he promised, and that was the beginning of bigger things.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

This is a Good Yarn---Why Not Read it All?

"THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE" will be continued in several issues of Industrial Pioneer. By subscribing now, you will get it all. You would pay \$2 for a novel of this sort in book form, but for \$2 sent to the Pioneer, you will not only get the novel, but all sorts of other good literature besides. In next issue we promise you another short story by Versus, a study in the materialistic interpretation of history, showing why men invent Utopias, also an article on grape growing in Mendocino County, Cal., an industry created by prohibition. We have also a fine article on the lumber workers of Ontario, and an article on the scientific adulteration of food, by the author of "The Stomach and The Undertaker." And many others. Use the blank on Page 29.



"It's Nice to Be Kidnaped"

"Hark! The Angelus Is Ringing!"

By GERALD V. MORRIS

ROMANCE has gone from the ramshackle hut in Arizona. Too many nights of it shatters the nervous system and weakens the knees. When one has passed thirty-five the kick doesn't last long.

The Temple bells are ringing. Thousands of devout worshippers bend the knee in thanksgiving. The City of Los Angeles is awaking from its nine days' wonder.

The lady was kidnapped. It must be true. She says so herself. She ought to know, and who would doubt one of the richest women in the State of California. I wouldn't dream of such a thing. As a newspaper reporter I've learned to tell too many lies myself not to appreciate and know the truth.

Some bold bad men slipped up and carried her off. "That's a fact." They sneaked up on the beach, snatched her away in a bathing suit like the villains do the moving picture beauties. Didn't even give her a chance to put clothes on. "It was a rotten way to treat a representative of the Lord, God Almighty.

"They kidnapped me because of my stand on moral questions and my attack on evolution. But Praise the Lord, the day of resurrection is at hand." That was her talk from the platform of the special train that brought her back to her worshipful flock.

When the Building Inspector of Tucson, Arizona, confronted her with the statement that he was positive he had seen her four days previous to her asserted escape from the kidnappers she didn't stammer a bit. She outtalked him and double discounted everything he said.

"But I'll forgive you—God bless you," she told him.

"Well if it wasn't you it was your twin sister," were the parting words of the Building Inspector. Think of it The idea of doubting the word of a lady!

The beginning, the end, the middle of the story is of a women in an apparently dazed condition lying on a cot in an Arizona hospital.

"Two days ago I escaped from kidnappers. I was wandering about the desert. An automobile picked me up and brought me here." That

was her first statement. The story of her abduction as she related it to the editor of an Arizona newspaper was:

"I went down to the beach with my secretary. There I changed into my bathing suit and slipped on a dress over it. We rented a little beach tent. I went in swimming. I sent my secretary to get the names of some soloists and some music.

"Before she returned I came back out on the beach. There were life savers drilling there. I went back into the water a short distance, and while I was watching the guards I heard someone calling my name.

"I turned to face a women who explained that her baby was dying, and that she wanted me to pray for it. She said her husband had the baby in a car nearby. She had a coat over her arm. I accompanied her to the car, in which there was another women with a bundle in her arms which I thought was a baby.

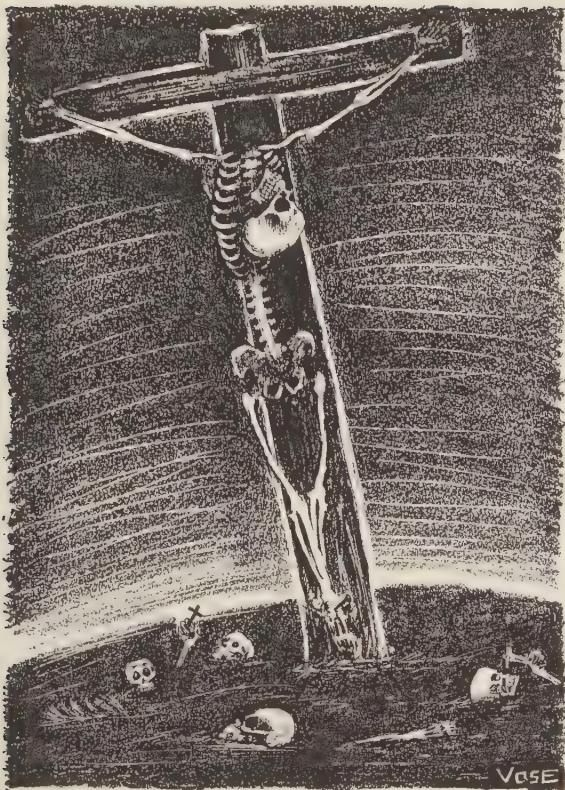
"The next thing I knew I was pushed into the car on the floor. The women threw the coat over me and a sweet sick odor assailed my nostrils and filled the automobile, which was a sedan.

"That was the last I knew until I came to on a bed like a hospital cot.

"It was in a room with a window almost completely closed.

"I was violently ill. A women was with me. It was dawn. I do not know whether or not it was next day, but she told me it was the morning following. The other women came in and I asked her what they wanted with me. They said they were holding me for half a million dollars ransom. I told them that they were foolish; that I did not have that much money, nor did the church have it, but they replied that they knew better and I was kept there day after day.

"Later they told me that they had made plans to get the ransom. Then from the remarks I heard later, I learned that they had almost been captured in San Francisco when trying to make arrangements to get the money. A few days ago I was moved. We were in two



automobiles and travelled a long distance. We came to another house and remained there two days. The men were not there. Previously they burned me with a cigar on the finger to make me answer the questions they said my mother had asked to prove I was alive. They threatened to cut off the finger (the one with the long white scar) so that my mother would know when she received it that they did have me captive.

"I refused to talk and while I did answer one question, I would not answer the rest, because I knew my mother, her friends, and members of the church would expend every effort and pay the sum of half a million dollars, which my captors demanded for my release."

Such is the story the anti-evolution, anti-union woman pastor who preaches morality, told on June 23rd, the day she was discovered.

She disappeared on May 18th, the day a handsome young member of her congregation moved out of town.

In her first sermon to the thousands of missing links that filled the great edifice she built on their money, the first Sunday after she had arisen from the dead, she told them that her captivity was like that of Daniel in the lion's den. The devil was responsible for her kidnapping, she said.

The devout anti-evolutionists and high minded

moralists believe that. "I do myself." "Some devil had a hand in it."

There are newspaper men with lots of nerve. One reporter asked the lady if a love affair was really the cause of it all. Her morality wasn't shocked. "Oh no," she said. "The man I shall love must be six feet tall, good looking and he must be a holy man."

The hundred thousand dollar columnist for the Hearst newspapers commented on that statement thus: "The Lady doesn't want much, it sounds easy, but she'll have a hard time getting it."

She was kidnapped by the devil. He was mad at her for fighting evolution and enlightened thought.

She has no use for unionism of any kind. The name of the I. W. W. to her is like a red flag to a bull.

Inquisitive newspaper men doubt her story. The mayor of the town that is four miles from her asserted escape publicly states that it is all a frame-up. The Building Inspector is positive he saw her on the streets of Tuscon four days previous to her asserted escape from kidnappers.

Why mention her name? The newspapers have been full of her. She has arisen from the dead. With her short skirts and long hair she is the Messiah.

Such is the story of a recent episode in the life of a woman pastor who typifies the epitome of a decadent religious age. A preacher of purity and high minded morality, she is the enemy of all that makes life clean and fine and worth while.

She lives in California where working men are incarcerated in the penitentiary for expressing their opinions. From her Temple in Los Angeles she dominates the mob and bends them to her will. A woman of passion, she is the driving power that moves thousands of fanatics in defense of everything that retards human progress. She upholds the Criminal Syndicalism law of California. The right of the working man to organize is to her an evil thing. And she tells a story that I heard a fourteen year old school boy laugh at and call ridiculous.

"Will she get away with it?" "They say that truth and only truth is eternal." But she is a pillar of society and one never can tell. . . .

One can tell though, that a few of the residents of that famous Southern California asylum from the world, which the old Spanish settlers, with fine prophetic irony named, "The City of Our Lady, The Queen of the Angels," are beginning to think. The grand jury is having an awful time with this case, and nobody knows how many of the devout retired Middle Western farmers are having their faith undermined, especially those who have handed over their good money to the Red-hunting woman preacher.

A Tall Story of the Tall Timber

(BOOK REVIEW)

In this encyclopedic opus, "Mammonart," Upton Sinclair offered a great deal of sound evidence in support of his main thesis, which **THE HERO** is based upon the materialistic conception of history, to wit: Art is **AS** not an end in itself but a means to **LOGGER** other ends, and that the great majority of artists who have achieved distinction and success, honor and applause have done so by adroitly turning their talents in a direction calculated to win the smiles and benediction of the ruling caste. One may find more evidence of this servile crouching spirit in the field of literature than in all the other arts put together. Many writers of undisputed talent have prostituted their abilities by supporting and embellishing the superstitions and prejudices of their powerful patrons. And in spite of many brave and brilliant attempts by literary specialists, ancient and modern, to wipe out the deadly murrain from the republic of letters, every fresh batch of books that reel from the press are, with depressingly few exceptions, tainted with the miasma.

In "The Logger," the author, Salome Ellis, essays to prove that the grand prize can be won by any young man who prepares himself for the fray by taking an heroic dose of bourgeois idealogy.

David Alden having imbibed this precautionary soul-stirring tonic is in no wise dismayed when, owing to his father-in-law's stock and bond business going awry, he finds himself cast adrift among the job-less. He leaves Chicago, the scene of his father-in-law's lamentable failure, and hies himself, together with his reluctant wife, to Humptulips, Washington. Our hustling hero loses no time in taking over some timber claims bequeathed to him by an uncle Will, and hiring a foreman named Tim McEvoy along with a small crew of loggers starts a logging business. This important event takes place at the dawn of the present century.

After having "staged his overalls and wearing the tail of his shirt out," Alden throws the works in high. He is evidently the first "business idealist" to explore the big timbers of Western Washington. His heart overflows with the milk of human kindness; he yearns to improve the condition of the lowly worker; "service before profits" is his motto.

Alden expounds his lofty principles to Tesa, his wife. Tesa, alas! remains unmoved before her husband's impassioned eloquence. She has no desire to aid an idealist in his laudable effort to "uplift humanity." And surely Madame Alden is quite devoid of emotion to be able to refuse her aid after hearing the following lyric:

"One of the greatest phases in my dream towards my new era of industrialism is fighting for sanitation. We know it is a psychological fact that cleanliness is one of the most essential elements in the uplifting of humanity; and I am going to do all I can to lift labor conditions to a better standard. I have an immense theoretical knowledge." (Page 49).

There is a Nietzschean flavor to that last sentence. A promise of deep delvings into difficult problems. A brilliant light is about to shine and penetrate the gloom that encircles the fields of philosophy and sociology. The reader whose hopes are kindled by the hero's modest claim is due to suffer a severe shock upon reaching page 84. On this page we learn that whenever our hero desired to add to his immense stock of information and slake his brobdinagian thirst for "real news" he turned to the Chicago Blade and Ledger-

After this chilling revelation it is no longer surprising to find the romantic logger wallowing in a puddle of contradictions and absurdities. He is the "business idealist" running true to form. He sheds tears for the despised and rejected and never tires of intoning the confused credo of the confraternaty to which he belongs. It is reasonable to assume, after reading the first hundred pages of this book, that the master logger of Humptulips, despite his modest claims to immense knowledge, never dipped into the delightful work of Anatole France. Nevertheless he carries out with really passionate fervor one of that subtle ironist's thoughtful dictums: "Whoever believes that he holds the Truth must express it."

Alden's beliefs are many and peculiar... "True Socialism," he announces sagely, "is idealistic."

Further on: "I believe the true purpose in life is to aid our fellow men. I cannot accept the theory of the survival of the fittest. I believe the fit should aid the unfit until all are given the opportunity to meet on an equal basis." Following this touching declaration of adherence to the philosophy of mutual aid, our versatile philosopher recites a rhapsodical counter blast to it. Here it is:

"I believe greatly in individualism . . . I believe that my life is governed by the life and experiences of no one who has ever lived before . . . I am ME. Everything that I do, think or feel depends entirely on myself. I have it in me to become as great intellectually, morally, financially as I choose. Nothing need bar my way from the heights of success. So long as my faith in my own potency endures, I can continue upwards, so long as I am working for righteousness and justice nothing need stop me. Always I am the great ME, which endures as long as I have the breath of life in me."

Sad to relate this sublime confidence in the great ME fails to support our hero when the drab business of logging thruts its cold reality upon

him, for he, himself, laying aside for the nonce his robes of superman, tells us that:

"One might not suppose how necessary it is to have a man like Tim; he looks after his part and I look after mine. If I am the head of the business he is most assuredly the NECK" (Emphasis mine, W. H. E.)

Fired with his laudable plan for "uplifting" the loggers in his employ, Alden instructs his faithful "neck" to install steel bunks, furnish new mattresses and blankets and order the crew to burn up their own lousy bedding. As the "burning of the balloons" is an incident inseparable from the history of the I. W. W., having accured about 1918—about ten years after the above order was given, and on the initiative of the I. W. W.—one is forced to conclude that the author of "The Logger" flatters the "idealist" labor-skinner unduly.

Alden makes, among other remarkable discoveries, one that might have disturbed a less gifted thinker. He finds, in brief, that the entire economic system is wrong. Alas! he was not born to set it right. On the contrary, he goes on record as being opposed to its overthrow. About this time (1905) a cloud appears to darken the idealist's sky.

"There rose a class of men in the West, a branch of those who had been operating in the East who called themselves the Independent Workmen of the World. (sic.). They demanded better conditions. Conferences among the employers were held. The employers formed a body to fight the Independent Workmen of the World." (page 214).

Alden refuses to fight against the "Independent Workers of the World."

"You don't mean to say that you uphold the Wobblies," roars one of his indignant colleagues.

Alden replies: "Most emphatically not. I uphold no man in the pursuit of wrong. But regarding their demands for better conditions, I know they are right." A reply that is at once heroic and peculiar.

Mrs. Alden fails lamentably to support her husband in his worthy efforts to uplift the toiling masses. She tries of the benevolent Alden and seeks consolation in the arms of a former swain, one Harold Wainwright, who is a leader in Chicago's "Smart Set."

Wainwright is installed as a guest in the Alden home. Then follow the usual alarums and excursions. The recalcitrant pair are surprised in *flagrante delicto* by Posy Murray, a portege of Alden's. This discovery costs poor Posy her job. Alden, however, refuses to drive out his erring wife, until, later on, he overhears her order a servant to show Wainwright to her room where she is confined. The wronged master-logger then obtains a divorce. Posy wins grace and is sent to a finishing school in Chicago.

The end of story is as affecting as it is inevitable. Two years grooming in the "finishing school" fits Posy for the high place reserved for her by the author, the place left vacant by the unsympathetic, indiscreet and bored Tesa.

The final scene is staged in the "luxurious parlor" of the Ranier Grand Hotel, Seattle.

"Alden could scarce believe that the marvelous creature sitting across from him was the same girl who had left him two years before."

And thus the master-logger ascends the throne of Success after "starting in the logging business single handed and alone . . ." but fortified by the knowledge that "The Great Divinity has qualified every man and women to make a success. . ."

Verily a touching story.

The book contains a good deal of material to delight the "booster." It advertises the resources of the North-West, mentions various lumber companies, tourist resorts, and hotels, besides making kindly reference to a certain brand of tobacco well known to loggers.

There is much in the book that will win for it the hearty approval of self-satisfied business men, the heirs of the Samuel Smiles tradition and the incurably romantic. But the intelligent worker who may happen to come across "The Logger" will quickly place it in its rightful category. He is familiar with the breed of benovolent bosses, and the torrents of twaddle that issue from the mouth of the heroic Alden will move him to derisive laughter. In the sordid struggle for the means of life the worker has learned to distrust the boss thoroughly and he cannot be fooled by the industrial Aldens who caper before him in the cap and gown of the idealist.

The actions of the bosses in their efforts to suppress and subdue the workers who have the temerity to demand a little more in the way wages, are more eloquently sinister than the benign braying of their hired apologists or the bristling banalities, the portly platitudes and abominable rubbish that bespatter the pages of "The Logger."

The class-conscious workers of the world are fully aware that the poverty, misery and degradation, which is the lot of the wage-slave, will never be wiped out under Capitalism, and in their continuous and protracted struggle against the class who fatten on the fruits of their industry they recognize the importance of unity as being the most effective weapon in their arsenal.

—W. H. EXELBY.

THE LOGGER, by Salome Ellis, published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, Mass.

What I T'ink 'Bout Dis White Man Country

By ABORIGINAL LOUIS

Well, you ask me what I t'ink of — (What you call dat again?) "Civilization," eh, "Civilization," dat's righ. Well, she take me long time to tell you. Me, I have no — what you call — educate, but anyway, my frien' Pete, he say, I should tell you this; an' here she is.

I was born on Black Bear Island, in the Albany River. I'm full blood Injun man. I see lots of Jesuit priests in my country, an' some oder kine of missionary, and dey always tell us 'bout de Great White Spirit an' de Great White Fader an' what fine country you have down here, and how everybody hee's happy and satisfy and 'bout how good de God is.

Well, for many year I trap between de Albany River an' de Moose River, me an' my two broder. Well, two year ago de fur trader he not pay much for fur, just some tea an' tobacco an' fire water. So my frien' Pete, hee's purty smart Injun man; he go to de government school at Moose Factory for long time an' get big educate, an' he bring hee's furs down here an' he tole us he get heap big more dan what trader pay, so las' winter my broder an' me, we say we take our furs dere to, cause we have good catch las' winter, an, trader not pay much.

So me, I come out wit all de furs me an' my broder got, an' I meet my frien', Pete, an' ask him how I go dere, an he say, "I go too, I show you," so we come out de trail to Kapuskasing on de Canadian National Railroad, an' we ship our packs to a place you call Windsor, Ontario, an' buy ticket, and wait for train.

Well, while we wait for train, one white man come along an' say hee's hungry, an' hee's got no furs for ride on train, or buy something to eat, an' I say, "Why?" an' he say he no catch furs; he work in railroad camp for long time, an' den he got sick an' go to Sister's Hospital, an' dey take all hees money an' give it to de Great White Spirit, for make him better.

Me, I t'ink dat's funny story. Dat man, he work hard to build de railroad, an' den he can't get ride on him. So me an' Pete give him 'bout what we get for five mush rat, an' den de train come, an' we get on an' go for longest ride you never saw 'till we come to Windsor, an' den we get off de train an' get our furs an' we go an' see what dey call de "bootlegger man" for bring us cross de river, 'cause dey tell us we can't ride cross on de train 'cause we're not citizens, an' we have to give de police at de station 'bout four hundred mush rat skin for what hee call "duty", an' we only have to give de bootlegger man fifty for come across in de boat when he bring de fire water over to Detroit. An' I say to Pete, mus' be lots of Injun man in Detroit he bring lots of fire water

over in all de leetle boat, an' Pete say, "No," an' he tole me dat all de white man on dis side of de river are on de Indian list an' have to buy from de bootlegger. Well, I tink dat's funny for white man do dat.

Well, we have to sell some more furs in Detroit to come to Chicago. So we get on de train an' come to Chicago, an' I get 'bout twenty-one hundred dollar for my furs — lots of black an' silver fox in de pack.

So, den I say to Pete, we go an' see all de fine place an' de happy Christian man dat de missionary talk 'bout, but Pete, he say we mus' go an' hide some of our money in bank, or de Christian man he hit me on de head an' steal dat money. Me, I t'ink dat's funny, dat dat white man wit de Great White Spirit he call God an' say hees prayers to, would do dat. But Pete, he tell me to forget most what de missionary tell me, an' I know Pete he's smart Injun an' got lots of educate, so I do what he say, an' den we start around de town, an' Pete, he meet white man dat is friend of hees and he come too, an' he take us to see bigges' wigwam in de world, what he call de "Morrison" — I guess dey call dat after de big feller dat was factor for de Hudson Bay Company at Moose Factory for long time — he same name.

Well, we see lots of fine big white man wit de nice clothes an' fur coats, sit around dat place an' smoke de fine tobac, an' den de mounted police on foot he come an' put us out. Well, den Pete tell me dat de white man won't let you sleep under de tree an' we have to go buy a room up what dey call de "West Madison," 'cause dem fine big Christian man tell us dey don't want no lumberjack or trapper in hees wigwam. Well, we go on West Madison Street an' get two little room in what dey call "flop-house", an' we lay down for while, but der all dem oder feller in little room start to cough an' de place she stink like skunk, an' I say to Pete, "Let's take our blankets an' go sleep under tree," an' he say, "Dare's no tree", an' anyway, he already tole me dey wouldn't let you sleep under tree because big fat man, he own all de groun'.

Well, den we get 'noder place in noder wigwam, bigger room an' not so many peop' dere. Not so much stink but more pay for room.

Well, she's coming spring now, but big snowfall come next day an' fall for two days, 'an de train on street hee's not run very much an' we see de policeman chase all de fellers out de flop house an' out de Salvation Army, an' all out de mission where de Great White Spirit is, an' some fellers dey look sick, an' old, an' not much clothes an' no good moccasin on de feet, an' de're hungry an' got no furs an' no money an' I say dey must worked on railroad camp too, an' got sick an' give dere money

to Great White Spirit for make heem better, but Pete say, "No", dat thousands like dat in White Man's town, cause fat man own all de groun', an 'bout forty man wit hees squaw an' hees papoose have to live in one wigwam, where she stink like de flop-house on West Madison Street.

Well, I watch dat gang of pore fellers an' I feel sorry for dem, an' I say to de policeman, "Do you want some men for shovel de snow an' clear de trail?"

An' he say, "Yes."

"Well," I say, "go down to what dey call de "Morrison", an' you fine hundreds fine, big, healthy feller, with good warm clothes, an' fine moccasin on de feet — just sit aroun' an' smoke de fine tobac'."

Well, dat policeman he say if I don't keep my mouth shut an' mine my own business hee's going run me in jail, Crazy Injun!

Well, everybody tell me dat dem fellers in Morrison don't shovel snow. Well, dis is one Injun dat don't understan' why dey drive de old man an' hungry man, an' sick man to clear de trail — funny t'ing dat.

Well, after dat storm, she turn some nice wedder, an' one day I'm on Madison Street, down near what dey call de "slave market," an' pore feller ask me to buy heem somet'ing for eat, an' I see man near by he stan' in little door an' say, "Fine job, Boy, ship right out!", an' I ask him why he not go to work, an' he say hee's broke, an' job cost three dollars. Well, dat's de meanest 'ting I ever hear!

Well, I see de leetle papoose play in de street on de hard — what you call — pavement, an' de buggy an' train run by every minute an' papoose hee's got no order place to play an' no trees to climb. An' sometime de moder she work in factory all day long, like de fader, an' peop' not all be satisfy like de missionary say.

An' den I go fine out dat you have whole lot of differen' gov'men', an' differen' policeman, like de — what you call — de city police, an' de county police, an' de state police, an' de national police. an' all de inspector and den I go down to de court house an' fine out dare's about dozen different court house an' I go see some of dem but couldn't see dem all, an' I see big bunch of feller — what you call — lawyer, some of dem for put you in jail an' some of dem for get you out.

Well, den every street she have 'bout ten thousand trader on it—what you call—storekeeper. An' den I say, "No wonder poor white man have to work so hard to keep all dem gowermen' peop' an' dem policeman an' dem lawyer an' dem inspec-

tor, an' all de trader dat don't work," an' den I fine out you got 'bout dozen different kind of jail an' penitentiary an' crazy house an' hospital an' all like dat, an' den I say, "Is dat what you call Civilization? Well, don't bring dat to de Injun."

Well, I t'ink I stay long enough in White Man's town an' I want go home but my frien', Pete, he say dat missionary priest is goin' to have big pow-wow here, an' dat nex' bes' frien' of de Great White Spirit is goin' be at de pow-wow, an' we wait an' see.

Well, while we wait, we go on street, where dey sell de fur coat. When we see one coat in store, she look purty nice, an' trader say she cost five hundred dollar. She's genuine black fox, he say. But when Pete an' I look close at dat coat, we fine out she's jus' dog skin, an' white man fix him up wit' paint, an' call him black fox, an' oder white man can't tell de difference. All trader just de same — dey all tell lie.

Well, anyway I t'ink 'bout time bes' friend of God come to town, teach dese peop' not to tell so many lie.

Well, we went to de pow-wow an' all de peop' be dare, an' I t'ink dat dat bes' frien' of de God, he come on de back of de mule like missionary say, an' with no moccasin on hees feet, but he come in great big fine — what you call eet — automobile, dat must have cost 'bout fifty silver fox or more, an' he have all de mounted police ride beside him an' he say everything be all better in White Man's town when he get over wit' de pow-wow.

Well, we went to de pow-wow an' everybody keep quiet for long time, an' den all de papoose sing de song to de Great White Spirit an' I say, dat's for de feast, but de Great White Spirit mus be he couldn't hear dem papoose sing for dere was no moose or deer cooked or nothing to eat dare, only over in de corner dey have little place where dey sell what you call de hot dog, an' charge fifty cents for dat, same you get out-side de pow-wow for ten cents. Well, after pow-wow, nothing change in White Man's town — ewerything just same like before, same flop-house, same police, same traders tell same lie.

Well, I say to Pete, let's get our money out de bank an' go home to de woods, where every man buil' his own wigwom an' not like dey do in White Man's town, buil' great big nice wigwam an' sleep in de flop-house. Well, Good bye. Nex' time I get Pete to tell you story—hee's got fine educate.

Me, I'm little more educate now, too.





Great Builders, These Ge

This is not the house that Jack built. This is the dam the construction workers of America have built—the most talked of piece of masonry in the world just now, and for several years past. It has caused more different kinds of quarrels, crimination and recrimination, scandals, congressional investigations, bribery, abuse and praise than any other dam ever heard of. Power companies, from the Sam Insull interests eastward have fretted and fumed over it. Henry Ford, the auto king, has been in the thick of it, and the common ordinary farmers have stormed and wept over it on their shady porches during the noon hour.

In proof of all this, it is enough to say that this is the Wilson Dam, at Muscle Shoals, Alabama. What we wish to point out here, is not just the merry war of words that has waged about this namesake, this war baby, of the "President that (never) kept us out of war," but the fact that the fellows most concerned with the Wilson Dam, after all, are the men who made it, all of whom gave their sweat and human vigor, and quite a few of whom gave their lives to put this great wall of steel and concrete across the turbulent Tennessee.

Still, to understand the importance and magnitude of the work done here by the general construction workers of this continent, a few facts about their product will not be amiss.

When the United States financiers found that they had been betting on a losing contestant in the great war that was so rapidly becoming a foot race in Europe, when they

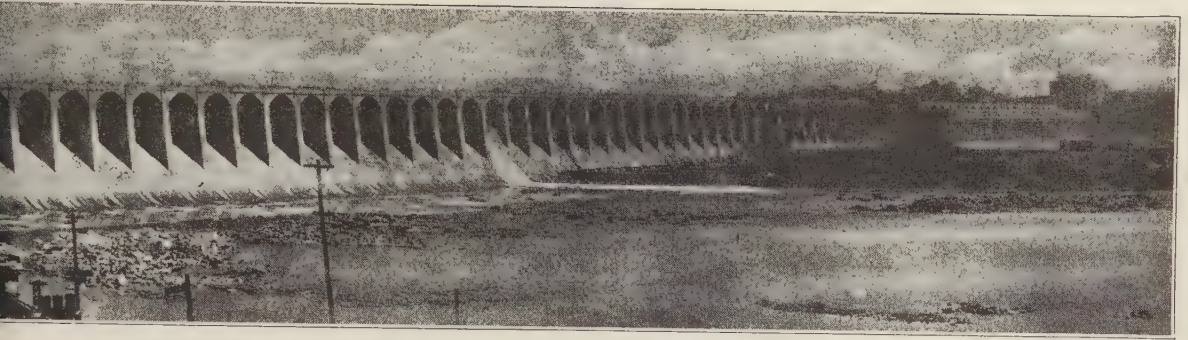
discovered that the "All Central Powers," they gave in Washington, and threw the side of the "Allies;" the money was invested on the of enthusiasm and emotion said long ago, "Where the be also?"

But mere treasure and not win the wars. High explosives, nitrogen. For the product is needed—either nitrogen and which the United States contains lots of nitrogen, supplied, both with hot and

But, for getting nitrogen, and that normally cause high explosives as a substitute power sites. So they thought Tennessee River is a crack Appalachian Mountain chain goes through a corner of Alabama (right close to the then up into Tennessee and in Kentucky—something like which Henry Ford tried to

GENERAL CONSTRUCTION WORKERS! How long will you be blind to the sweat of your toil, while you build the roads, pave them, build the dams, make the reservoirs of America—you are wasting your lives in a thankless task? This sort of thing is of this. They are playing you for suckers. They are getting you to do all of this

For you, and by you, General Construction Workers' Industrial Union No. 310 of the I. W. W., at 3333 Belmont Avenue, Chicago, Ill.—W. H. WESTMAN



al Construction Workers

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Muscle Shoals.

The Tennessee River is navigable, with slight improvements, from its mouth up to Muscle Shoals which are in Alabama. About a century ago the State of Alabama built a canal around Muscle Shoals, but this work was designed for the little ships of the time, and for the Mississippi commerce that has vanished. However, the fall is considerable in the Shoals, and the gentlemen interested in blowing up Germans (and boosting their own fortunes) immediately decided that Uncle Sam should build a dam low down on the falls, to be known as Dam No. 1, and make the river navigable to the site of the present Wilson Dam, to be officially designated as Dam No. 2. A further dam, to create more power, is proposed higher up the river, and will be, of course, Dam No. 3. Still more may be built.

Hot air power was used in great quantity, and the Alabama Power Co., the company owning Muscle Shoals, was induced to sell the land to the U. S. government for \$1. It was a case apparently, not of high pressure salesmanship, but of high pressure buying. The Alabama Power Co. has probably regretted its generosity, unless, as some say, it made enough out of the sale of power to the government during the construction of Dam No. 2 (the only one built so far) to break even or a little better. We do know that when Henry tried to buy the whole works from the Government, he set up considerable of a howl because the U. S. returned (?) to

Don't you see that while you cover the whole land with the enduring products of the railroads, and do all the foundation work for the whole industrial system to go on forever. The great industrial system of America only needs about so much construction work, and then when it is finished, they will turn you adrift.

of the I. W. W., was created. It is your union that can win you higher wages with all your invincible might, you can make it what you will, your savior now from being thrown on the scrap heap. This union is a real workers' union, with low dues in touch with Main Office of General Construction Workers' Industrial Union Secretary-Treasurer.

the Alabama Power Co. a high voltage line and other improvements built by the government money to convey the "juice" from the Alabama's other plants to the site of Dam No. 2. The Government officials in charge merely stated that this line was built for the Alabama Power Co., and borrowed from them for a while, and of course had to go back to them. Well, be that as it may, it is not the main point of our story.

The main idea is that millions of dollars were spent in constructing nitrate manufacturing plants here at Muscle Shoals, run by steam power, but to be taken care of by electricity generated at the Wilson Dam by water power as soon as it was ready.

The dam wasn't ready in time to help win the war, in fact, in 1921, when the appropriation for its construction was exhausted, there was still two years' work left. It was actually finished in 1925. Neither of the other two dams needed to complete the whole project is even started. And the fight is merely about who will win the Wilson Dam.

It's a valuable piece of property. The nitrates made at Muscle Shoals can be used to fertilize cotton land, and that explains the farmer's interest. The power plant will generate 260,000 horsepower with its present machinery; with more generators it can deliver something over 600,000 horsepower. If Dam No. 3 is completed (at an estimated cost of about half that of the Wilson Dam) the two together will produce a million horsepower. If some of the other smaller dams are put in there will be three million horsepower.

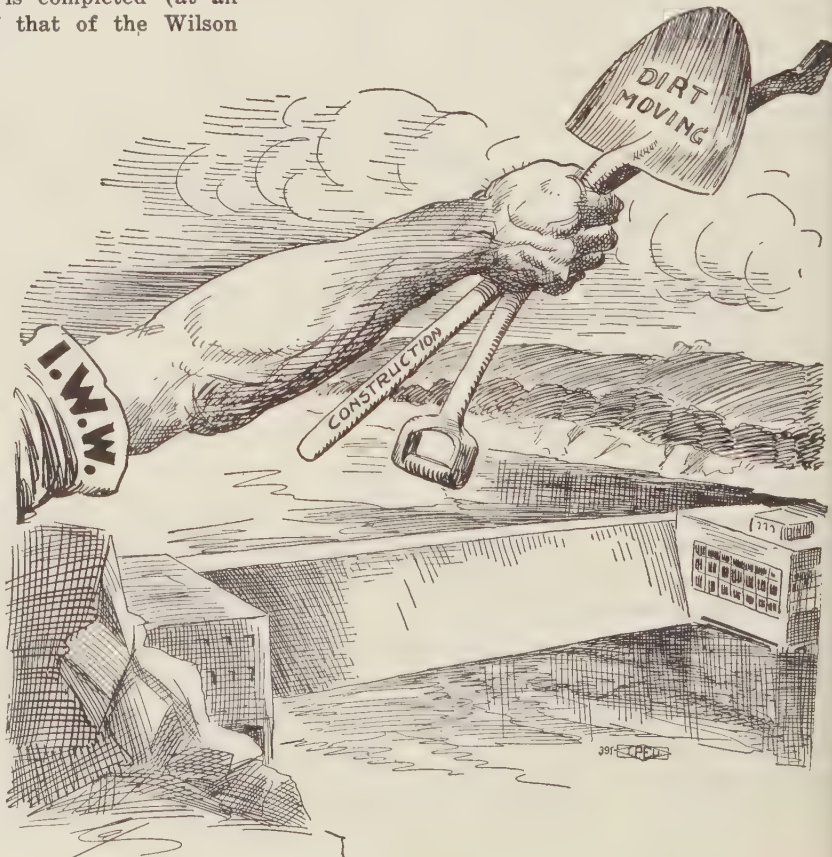
This great source of power is located very nicely, right in the center of the rough triangle formed by four growing manufacturing cities, the new manufacturing district of the South: Memphis, Nashville, Chattanooga, and Birmingham. Nor is this all. The greatest power plant of the Alabama Power Co. is at Warrior River, 90 miles south of Muscle Shoals, and right in the heart of the big coal fields of the South. That is the beginning of what is known as the "Southern Superpower System" which extends along the foothill region of the Gulf and South Atlantic states from Montgomery, Ala., to

Greensboro, North Carolina, taking in the big new textile and general manufacturing districts around the cities of Columbus, Atlanta, Macon and Charlotte, and many others.

A piece of engineering with such capabilities and potentialities can't be too slim and fragile, so with a memory of the social and economic consequences of this structure, we are ready to take a glance at its physical characteristics. To begin with it is the biggest dam in America. It is one of the three biggest in the world. It is 4,156 feet long (nearly a mile); it is 98 feet high; at the top it is 27 feet wide, and at the bottom it is 76 feet wide. It contains just about a million cubic yards of concrete. Some mixing took place there!

The only dams with which it can be really compared are the Aussuan Dam in Egypt, built with cheap fellaheen labor under direction of the British masters, to irrigate the Soudan cotton fields. That dam is about 4,600 feet long, 96 feet high, 17 feet thick at the top and 100 feet thick at the base. Because of its peculiar structure in cross section, it contains only about 700,000 cubic yards of concrete. The other big dam is Vyrnwy Dam in England—length something over 4,000 feet, but other dimensions unknown to the author of this article.

Other dams in America are not so small. The famous Roosevelt Dam is higher than the Wil-





THE WORN OUT SLAVE ON THE AUCTION BLOCK

Wake Up, Construction Workers! Do You Want to Come To This?

son, being 284 feet from base to crest, is 16 feet thick at the top and 170 feet thick at the base, but is only 1080 feet long, and contains only 340,000 cubic yards of concrete. The Kéokuk Dam of the Mississippi River Power Co., is 4,000 feet long, 53 feet high, 29 feet wide at the top and 46 feet wide at the bottom—quite a piece of work itself.

Now we come to the point. How do you suppose they got there—these tremendous masses, tons and tons of concrete and steel, towering walls with the weight of mountains and the height of mountains too, almost? They didn't grow that way. Capitalism, which uses them, and squabbles over them, didn't wave a magic wand and conjure them there. No, they represent the toil of human beings. Even the capitalists know that. One W. B. West, an expert for the Scientific American, writing in 1921, in protest against the stoppage caused by the exhaustion of the congressional appropriation says the work should go on, because, "There is an abundance of common labor and it is a proven fact that skilled labor will flow to the point where there is a demand for it." And various other agencies of capitalism, likewise, when boosting for the construction of the rest of the Muscle Shoals project have emphasized the abundance, and commonness, of the common labor of the South—good, old, American stock, uninfluenced by any imported ideas about radicalism, unions, living wages, etc.

However skilled the engineers, however intricate and successful the concrete mixing and other machinery, general construction work still

involves a lot of everyday, hard, heavy labor—toil—work—done by men with horny hands and often with "hump on the back" from lifting things that are too heavy to be lifted, but must be lifted if the high voltage currents capitalism now demands are to be realised.

It is the human animal, the general construction worker, skilled or unskilled, that makes nitrate plants possible, that rears the mighty dams that congressmen, millionaires, and dollar patriots prattle about.

And what does this creature, this human beaver or ant, this great builder, the general construction worker get out of his heavy "swinking?" We have seen that his product makes wars possible, that it creates millions of horsepower for factories, that it makes and unmakes governments. But what does he get himself? Damn little. Usually he gets dyspepsia—but of course that is only a fancy way to starve to death. The result could be obtained by refraining from food, which way on the whole, would be cheaper and more comfortable than eating the rotten chuck often served in construction gangs. He gets a sleeping place that is hard and cold in winter, hard and hot in summer—in a tent or a shack. He could probably get that without working. And of course he draws wages, but they are pretty small for the sort of work he does, and trivial in comparison with its far reaching consequences. Let us take a glance at some of the general construction work going on now, a few of the jobs cataloged in the Bulletin of General Construction Workers Industrial Union No. 310 of

the I. W. W. They will serve to show the rewards of those who build monuments more useful and larger than the pyramids of Egypt. Wages are not appreciably different for the workers on dam sites, roads and railroads, for the same class of work. We see that at present at Buckley, Washington there are concrete mixers at work, without camps, and the men get \$4.40 a day, and board themselves. Have to hire a room too. At Scenic, Washington, the big tunnel of the Great Northern R. R. is being constructed, A. Guthrie & Co. contractors. They pay for muckers and outside work (all except miners) a low wage of \$4.80 in the first case, and \$4 for others. And out of this comes a board bill of \$1.35 a day, and a hospital fee. Very little, compared with the amounts the worker will have to spend to recuperate when he breaks down under the strain of it. There is a double tracking job going on out of Ogden, Utah, the Echo Canyon Division; laborers get 40 cents per hour for a nine hour day—other and more skilled men get more, but are of course in a minority on the job. Chuck and sleeping quarters are rotten.

And so it goes. There is usually a nine or ten hour day for all but the highly skilled men, drillers, etc. Wages run from forty to forty-five cents per hour. Food is intollerable, and sleeping quarters are bad. These are the living conditions of the men who make the dams, roads, bridges, railroad beds, etc. Repair work on these things is paid about the same.

And there is no hope for improvement? Can not some of the enormous wealth, the basic, necessary construction which these men perform, come to them? Indeed it can, in certain isolated

and all too few cases, it has been started that way already.

In 1922, under the leadership of an I. W. W. strike committee, the general construction workers on the Wenatchee project, Great Northern Railroad Company construction, with A. Guthrie & Co. the contractors, struck, suddenly, and won the eight hour day, in flat contradiction to the course of events, for it was a time when the day's work was getting longer, all sorts of companies changing from a nine hour day to a ten hour day. It was a fine strike, as strikes usually are when the I. W. W. leads them. There was an attempt made to break it up by arresting some of the "leaders" but "we always got some more" active strike pickets, and strike committeemen. Finally the arrested men were turned loose.

There was an attempt made to break it up by importing scabs from Fargo, Minneapolis, Duluth, and Chicago, but the I. W. W. was there too, and pickets right outside of the employment agencies stopped the shipments. Finally the company yielded.

That is the way to do it, and that is the only way it can be done. The general construction workers of North America have raised enduring monuments to their prowess, but they have profited little from all that. Now let them, united in General Construction Workers Industrial Union No. 310 of the I. W. W., raise somewhat their wages and general standards of living, and see if that will not be more fun. If they could build the Wilson Dam they can build their organization, more useful by far to them than any dam or road can possibly be.

The Decline and Fall of the Home

(By C. E. PAYNE)



HOME! AT any time for centuries this word has been one to conjure with among the people of Europe and America. Poets have rated it as one of the three sweetest words in the English language. So entwined in the lives of the people has the word become that the tune of "Home, Sweet Home" is never allowed in any prison; the ideal of home and the reality of prison form too great a contrast.

When the capitalist system came into control of world affairs, the home as we now know it came into existence. Ancient savages had some dwellings, but proximity to food was the chief consideration. The slave system might give creature comforts to the slaves, but there was too much uncertainty of abode for the slaves to call any place home, while the masters thought more in terms of castles and estates. Under serfdom the

castles and estates still occupied the minds of the masters, while the serfs belonged to the land, but never did the land or a dwelling belong to the serf.

The slave and serf systems broke down because of the failure of those systems to keep pace with the required production of goods. Capitalism found it necessary to speed up production to make the new system succeed. The means to do this was found in the slogan of "Freedom and Home through hard work," and the erstwhile serfs became highly productive wage workers.

Homes by the million were set up during the settling of America, particularly in the United States and Canada. Many of them were true homes in every sense of endearment the human mind has known. Men and women going into the wilderness to carve out their own fortunes kept ever in memory the homes they had left, and

constantly before them the vision of a new home where they would have

*"All that is most beauteous, imaged there
In happier beauty. More pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air
And fields invested with purpureal gleams.
Climes which the sun, who sheds the bright-
est day*

Earth knows is all unworthy to survey."

It was about a century ago that John Howard Payne wrote "Home, Sweet Home," which has perhaps awakened more sad memories in the minds of earth's wanderers than have all other melodies combined. The song was written when the idea of home had become thoroughly ingrained in the minds of the people, but also at a time when the possibility of homes for all in America had reached its zenith. The beautiful lines of

*"A charm from the skies
Seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world,
Is ne'er met with elsewhere,"*

are now replaced by the raucously newer but more appropriate

*"There is a boarding house
Not far away,
Where they have ham and eggs
Three times a day."*

Rooming houses—furnished or unfurnished—do not call forth great sentiments on the subject of home. They run more to "Oh, what a pal was Mary."

Vaudeville entertainers have for some time had a gag line that "Home is the place where you go to change clothes." It is literally true that a very large number of Americans consider home to be the place where they hang their winter clothes in May, expecting to find them there in October. Some millions of migratory workers leave their winter clothes in May without expectations. In many of the cities and towns of the Pacific Northwest clothing merchants make a specialty of storing the "good clothes" of lumber workers who are going out to work. The good clothes are frequently stored 11 months or more in a year.

Many and heroic have been the attempts of America's workers, particularly the farmers, to set up and maintain homes for themselves. Two million of them had to give up the struggle in 1924. It must have been with many repressed emotions of sorrow that those former women pack-

ed all their earthly belongings, including the "Home, Sweet Home" motto, into their trunks and made their several ways to the cities where jobs "might" be had, hoping against failure they might—sometime—have a home—again—.

The home life of one family may be taken as typical of many others. The father and mother are about to celebrate their silver wedding and a quarter century in one place. The father has averaged over 14 hours of hard labor each day for six days a week during that time and is bent with toil. The mother would remind you of Mother Machree—"Her hands so toil-worn." Her work has been more arduous than her husband's.

Their children—two boys—are just entering manhood and the wage game, where they will either rise by chicanery or, after a valiant struggle, become slaves to the system as so many others have done. Their chances of setting up homes of their own are very small. But they may "rise in the world," as they have been inured to toil and to making every dollar count 100 cents of value. Yet, it is heartbreaking to see that where this family has had one comfort to brighten the home they have set up, their toil has enabled the bankers to wantonly waste the price of scores of such comforts, or even of many such complete homes themselves.

The home as an American institution is doomed—not because I or others say so, but because capitalism finds it no longer profitable. Vestiges of it will linger awhile, its memory will last sometime longer, but to millions of Americans even now the word means only the room where their suit cases may be left for the night or the week.

What is to take the place of the home is beyond guessing. The number of those who know its true meaning is rapidly diminishing, as also is the number of those who can be inveigled into hard work for its sake.

We do not love the home any the less because we know it is a thing of the past. But to those who do not know its meaning we must make some other appeal to stir them into action. It may be that if we can strike the right chord in the minds of those who have been dispossessed of their homes, we will have the power to overturn this rotten system and set up in its place homes for all, so that we can sing with new meaning,

"There's no place like home."

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The Stomach and the Undertaker

(Continued From Page 4)

in the past, when life was more simply ordered, that restaurant proprietors did concern themselves about good food in order to attract and hold patronage. But those days are gone. Now the prime object among owners of lunch-rooms, restaurant, hotels and cafeterias is to get rich quick.

There was a time when the cook was permitted to take pains and time in the preparation of meals, but this practice irritates the modern proprietor; now it is speed that is wanted. The work formerly done by four cooks is now performed by two. An excellent illustration of this can be seen in the Hotel LaSalle, at Madison and LaSalle St., Chicago.

In the sweat shop a cook is required to do at least the work of two to three men. Frequently at that place they have banquets or parties comprising from 800 to 1000 persons, and on exceptional occasions twice that number attend. Suppose a party consisting of 800 persons, each of whom is to have tenderloin steak broiled. In order that all these steaks be properly broiled it requires the work of at least three cooks. At the Hotel LaSalle one cook does this work. A cook working as fast as such a demand compels cannot properly season the meat, nor can he be overly clean. Frequently in his haste he drops a steak on the floor, but since he has little time he picks it up, dirt and all, places it among those that are to be served. Such a situation is deplorable indeed, but whom are we to blame for the condition, the cook or the manager?

Nor is this all. In many instances, the pans in which the steaks are broiled are incrustated with dirt left by a dish-washer who also works at top-speed.

Then let us take a look at the fry-cook. It is required of him that he prepare, for the same party, a sufficient amount of potatoes au gratin. He, like other cooks, must work at full speed, and while working his aspect is that of a man mixing concrete. In order that this mess may be appetizing the cook covers the potatoes with a coating of adulterated cheese and paprika. Were it possible for a patron of the hotel to witness this operation he would be nauseated.

After the banquet there possibly remain uneaten a hundred steaks, whereupon, the following day the chef instructs the cook to serve them again, giving them some unintelligible foreign name, or possibly the bill-of-fare will read "sliced tenderloin saute with fresh mushrooms." For the most part these steaks are kept in rusty pans on the floor where the kitchen cats come and freely have a feast. Such practices are of course revolting to even the least fastidious, but for Ernest J. Stevens they are matters of business. "Business is Business," he will tell you.

The days when wholesome meals were obtain-



able are gone forever. Today the foods and liquors served to the American public are poor in quality and scanty in nutritive value. There was a time when Hollandaise Sauce was made from pure butter, now it is a concoction of cream sauce and yolk of eggs. Chicken a la King is artificially colored. Consomme is colored with black jack or "monkey," that is sugar burned for an hour. Baked beans and spaghetti are largely imitations. Cheese is really about two-thirds bread crumbs. Corned beef hash is a combination of dozens of different varieties of left over meats, and cod fish cakes is left over scraps of fish and potatoes. Such is the food served to the public, and it is the cause of many losing their lives. In the meantime, Mr. Stevens of the LaSalle, and Mr. Byfield of the Sherman House and others like them accumulate their millions of dollars.

Stop and Think

Do not be in a hurry, life is short enough as it is. Before entering a restaurant give some thought to the health of your stomach. This is given as a sort of warning and before patronizing public eating houses it is *wise* to stop and consider. If your food is prepared in your own home and you carry it to shop or office you will be safe. A mere slice of bread with cheese is much more wholesome under such conditions than an elaborate meal at the restaurants. True, you will probably miss the strawberry pie or vegetable soup, but your deprivation will be for the better. The strawberry pie is probably made from decayed strawberries, and the soup is prepared in vessels

that are seldom cleansed. It is preferable that our house cat feasts on a box of sardines rather than partake of the chicken obtainable in hotel and restaurants. Are we justified in making such sweeping charges as are contained herein? We request your patience till we have done with our story. Below we append some evidence, easily verifiable by any earnest investigator. We go with a searchlight from kitchen to kitchen, and the first is the

Hotel LaSalle, Chicago

Bread dressings served to the public are soaked in a filthy sink where the pots and pans are washed. After being soaked the dressing is stored for a week in wood barrels. Is this sanitary?

Soups and meats, in dirty containers stand on the floor all day without a covering with the result that they are covered with saw-dust and fly-dirt.

"Come-backs" from parties and banquets, such as bread, cheese, cold meats, steaks, celery and lettuce, are served over and over again until such time as they are disposed off and the last cent of profit extracted from them.

Bones, scraps of meat and vegetables are dumped into the "stock pot." It is boiled all day and far into the night. The pot is not covered, and flies and cockroaches easily find their way into it, nor are the bones used in this mess washed of such dirt as they accumulate.

All scraps of bread are used for dressings and all kinds of scrap meats are used for hash.

The above is only a few of a hundred charges we have made regarding the Hotel LaSalle. We challenge manager Ernest J. Stevens, or Chef Ferdinand Karcher to deny or refute these statements.

California Cafeteria

The food served in the California Cafeteria, 16 W. Washington St., Chicago, is prepared under the most insanitary conditions. The proprietor is Harry Farrell, formerly president of the defunct California Cafeteria at 21 South Wabash Ave. The place now under his management is notorious for its rotten food. The Chop Suey served here is nothing other than the scraps that accumulate from day to day.

Scraps of fish, left over by the patrons, are collected and by adding cream sauce a compound is made which is served to the public again under the alluring name of "Tuna Fish on Toast."

Mr. Farrell commands the Chef to serve everything. Oatmeal, corn meal mush, corn fritters, scraps of meat, liver, potatoes, frankfurters and bits of beef and veal: all left-overs, are taken by Chef Gust Borgeaud and passed through a meat chopper. From the resulting mess he makes croquettes which he names "Chicken" or "Veal" Croquettes" as suits the demand. Should the croquettes be left-over for still another day they are then served as "Meat-balls with Spanish sauce." Or perhaps as "Hamburger Steak with Onions." Failing disposal of the mess under such names, it is mixed with corn-starch, bread crumbs and

eggs and baked for two hours. Now it is ready to serve as "Veal Loaf with Creole Sauce" or "Vienna Loaf with Onion Sauce."

To give in detail an account of all forms in which filthy food is served in the California Cafeteria would require the space of a book. Here we can only indicate the more prominent features and pass on. However we wish to defy Mr. Farrell to refute the charges contained herein, brief as they are.

Hotel Sherman

The management of the Hotel Sherman, Randolph and Clark St's, Chicago, spend annually thousands of dollars advertising the food served and its cuisine. In spite of this display, slimy french fried potatoes are served. The chickens and turkeys are of poor quality and in many instances putrefaction has set in. Decaying as the flesh is, it is served to the public. Shrimps served here have such a bad odor that cooks find it difficult to handle them. Scraps of meat are saved and used over and over again. Rotten cantaloupes are saved for days and when a great number have been accumulated they are boiled, adding sugar, vinegar and some spices, after which they are served under a "high faluting" name. The night chef who performs this work is Louis Vate.

Who is to blame for this condition of affairs? Naturally, the head chef, Thomas Maglians, blames the steward, Albert Stalle. Stalle blames Byfield. Truth to tell though, no particular individual is to blame. The real blame rest on the profit system which super-induces corruption and dishonesty.

Virginia Hotel

The food prepared in the Virginia Hotel, Ohio and Rush Streets, Chicago, is injurious to the health of the patrons. The ice-box is dirty, and the meats are kept in rusty pans. Sauces and vegetables are kept in tomato cans. This practice is dangerous and is rightly condemned by the Board of Health, because it is realized that such food develops a poison called ptomain.

Auditorium Hotel

The food served in the Auditorium Hotel, Michigan and Congress Streets, Chicago, is far from being first class and is prepared under the most insanitary conditions. Most of the pans about the place are rusty, and foods are kept in cans liable to contamination. The ice-boxes are damp and the potatoes after one day in the place are slimy. French fried potatoes are prepared in grease the color of ink. Most of the food is in rusty containers, left on the floor or in a damp ice-box. The toilets in this hotel are filthy and the Board of Health should demand the closing of the Auditorium Hotel kitchen at once. It is injurious to the health of all who work there beside being a menace to the well-being of its patrons.

In speaking of the Auditorium Hotel, it is well to remember they have sinks in which they keep

peeled potatoes. It is a daily occurrence to see rats, the biggest and most terrible rats I ever saw—they look like rabbits, go to the same sink and drink out of it, and also run around over the potatoes, sometimes stopping on a particularly large spud for a rest, or to visit with their friends.

More Truth

The average culinary worker prepares food under conditions that are insanitary. Since the worker is not a free agent in such matters the blame for the conditions is to be placed elsewhere than on him.

Towel shortage is a condition and problem in every kitchen. The cooks are not furnished with sufficient towels, and as a consequence are compelled to use rags, greasy and otherwise. Frequently by necessity they use worn out shirts, as is the case at the Hotel LaSalle.

The pot-washer does his work in greasy and slimy water for which he is provided with little soap. Pot-washing for the most part is a very inefficient and careless piece of work.

Dish-washers, also, have trouble in obtaining clean towels for wiping dishes. In many places the workman is compelled to use table-cloths and napkins, already used by the guests. One can well imagine diseased guests handling table-cloths and napkins only to have them communicate the infection to the dishes apparently clean. This practice prevails in many restaurants.

For all these practices there are definite sanitary laws. One of the most flagrant violators of them is Tom Quigley, owner of the Rubaiyat Cafe, 950 Rush St., Chicago. In this place comparatively few towels are furnished to dish-washers. From morning to night napkins and table-cloths are used by the dish-washers. In this manner are germs communicated from one guest to another. The use of soiled napkins is highly insanitary.

Nor is this all. The butter, cream, bread and other foods, left over from one guest to another, and served time after time are a direct cause of the communication of disease in many restaurants.

Can these statements be substantiated? Here is a specific case: left-over pieces of butter containing cigarette butts, are used in the preparation of food, both the LaSalle and Auditorium Hotels.

In those places where food is kept in rusty pans or in tinned tomato containers, the guests are endangered with poisoning from spoiled food or metallic salt. At the Virginia Hotel such practices are a part of the day's work. After persons have eaten some of the meats from rusty pans or tinned containers, stomach troubles are a natural consequence, and in extreme cases ptomaine poisoning.

In Conclusion

The above brief expose of the filthy and insanitary conditions in the various kitchens is a only a small part of the story. We have an abundance of facts at hand, but owing to certain material conditions are just now unable to publish

them. However when circumstances so shape themselves we shall publish the truth regarding the conditions existing in hotels and restaurants in all parts of the country.

In the past we have demonstrated certain facts regarding hotels, restaurants and their owners; we have demonstrated that unwholesome and adulterated food is, as a matter of routine, served to the public; in short we have demonstrated that the food of the average restaurant and hotel is not fit to be eaten by any man or woman. All of which, as we have shown, is due to the greed of owners for profit.

Filthy kitchens, unwholesome food, with the resultant disordered stomachs, come from greed for the almighty dollar. Whom are we to blame for these conditions? The answer seems plain, undoubtedly it is the food barons.

What is the remedy? Under present conditions there seems to be only one available and that is publicity. The only thing we can do at the present time is to carry the fight before the public. This is not an easy task, owing to the fact that the public is misinformed by the yellow press. However we are not discouraged and shall continue fighting until every kitchen is spick and span, the food prepared under sanitary conditions, and the health of every person safe-guarded.

The Road To Good Health

To insure good health it is necessary that the gastro-intestinal regions are kept clear of disease germs. If many persons have trouble with their stomachs, it is in almost every case, due to the poor quality of the food they consume. The average citizen has arrived at the place where he gives some care to the teeth, but he neglects his stomach shamefully. Each should be very much concerned about this vital and important part of his body.

Elsewhere, in our article on "Physiological Reaction and the Class Struggle," we said: "The stomach is the principal organ of digestion and its task is to convert inorganic and organic matter into blood, thus supplying energy to the tissues of the body. No species of animal can exist unless it receives its means from the surrounding environment. In the work of gathering and assimilating this material, certain mechanical and chemical changes are necessary. In this work of digestion, the stomach performs the essential work."

It is our desire that you enjoy good health. In order to have good health, the stomach must be kept in a healthy condition, and for this last, good wholesome food is required. To attain all these results the food barons must be forced to serve good wholesome food prepared under sanitary conditions. There is a choice to be made. Unsanitary food leads to the cemetery, but wholesome food spells health. So long as impure food is served in public eating houses the undertaker wears a smile, but the enjoyment of a long and useful life is to be had by partaking of wholesome food.

ASPUDDEN, Sweden.—A new feature in organization activity, as it seems to me, is the regularly occurring **OPEN FORUM** lectures dealing with the natural sciences. If this feature of I. W. W. activity becomes an established part of our educational system, as I hope it will, then it would not be amiss to contribute a few new ideas to it.

We know that scientific education is a necessity in the industrial world for those that direct the industries.

Hence it is logical to impart such education to the workers as they are the ones that in the future will partake in the directing of them. At this stage it is impossible to give every worker, or rather the average worker, an education that is equal to that possessed by the leaders of industry. If we had the control of the radio we would at least be able to broadcast a lecture of a scientific nature once a week, but as that is also impossible at present then let us do the best possible with the means we have at hand.—C. G. ANDERSON, in Industrial Solidarity.

LIFE, SOCIETY, ORGANIZATION

By SAMUEL W. BALL

A Lecture Delivered May 2, 1926, Before the Chicago Open Forum of the Industrial Workers of the World



HUNGRY MAN, so we are informed by Tolstoi, A Russian novelist, once had but six pennies. Coming to a bake-shop he entered. For five of the pennies he obtained three buns, and a small sweet-cake or cooky that appeared to be appetizing, was obtained for the remaining cent.

Eating one of the buns the man was as hungry as before. The second and third were devoured, still the craving for food remained. Eating the cooky he was surprised to note that his hunger had vanished.

"Now," thought he, "Why not have only purchased the cooky and saved the money spent for buns? Hereafter, I shall know better."

This story, whatever its merits otherwise, illustrates a principle well understood in the domain of science, namely, the change of quantity into quality. Our Russian friend had eaten a quantity of buns but failed to obtain the desired satisfaction or quality. The quality sought for was only realized after he had eaten the cooky.

All things in the universe may be regarded, first, as an amount or quantity; as what it is, by and of itself, and second, as to what it does; by its virtues, properties or characteristics. What it is is quantity; what it does is quality. All matter has these two aspects.

Glass, for instance, is a quantity of matter having the quality of transparency. Sugar is sweet; vinegar sour; alum astringent. A locomotive is so much iron possessing a tractive quality. A watch records time, a pen writes, iron is malleable, the rose red, lead heavy, and man, so much matter, has a property or quality called thought. Money or coins are so much matter. When organized into great masses money takes on the quality of capital. All matter has qualities of one or another sort.

Qualities or properties are entirely due to the manner in which matter is put together; the way in which it is organized. If matter or quantity is organized in a given way, it does a particular thing. If it is organized in another way, it **does** something else.

An automobile is a quantity of matter, wood, iron, rubber, leather and gasoline. When organized and articulated we give it the qualitative name, automobile. A watch is a contrivance composed of metal, glass, rubies, ink, enamel, wheels, springs, escapment, hands, dial and stem. If these various parts of matter are arranged or organized in a given manner they record time. Recording time is a quality of matter so organized. It is not separate and distinct from the matter, but inherent in it.

But watches can be taken apart, laying the several parts in a heap. All the watch will be there—but it will not record time. Recording time is a virtue, quality, or property subtly connected with the arrangement or organization. Destroying the organization destroys the quality.

From this it is apparent that properties are intangible, yet comprehensible, and at all times associated with some form of matter. Properties

or qualities are always present in matter, but alter or change according to its organization. Quantity, then, can be made to manifest qualities.

Chemistry, as has been demonstrated experimentally, leads us to the same general conclusion. Formic acid is a compound composed of one atom of carbon, and two each of hydrogen and oxygen. Such a quantity requires one hundred degrees of heat to boil. If we quadruple the quantity of the first two constituents; four carbons, eight hydrogens and two oxygen, we obtain butyric acid, boiling only after 162 degrees of heat have been applied. Thirty carbons, sixty hydrogens and two oxygen will give us mellissic acid, which boils at 180 degrees. The differences in the amount gives each a different quality, requiring a differing amount of heat for boiling purposes.

Water when heated boils at 100 degrees centigrade. When this temperature has been attained, water changes from a liquid into a gas or vapor. One degree less than 100 the water remains a liquid. By the adding of heat in a given intensity the quality of the water is transformed.

Hang a weight on the end of a string, adding weight to weight, and the string will hold, but in due time, if the process is continued, a limit will be reached and the string broken. A stone is to be lifted by man-power. However, several strong men are unable to do so. Near by is a weak old lady who kindly lends a hand, and the stone is lifted. Her strength was not much, but little as it amounted to, it was sufficient to change quantity into quality.

The Militarists Found It Too

Napoleon, the great military genius of France, in writing on cavalry tactics, leads us to believe that he understood and practiced the principle under discussion. While in Egypt with the well trained and disciplined soldiers of France, many battles were had with the Mamelukes or barbarians. The barbarians were the best of horsemen, and man for man could outride and outdo the very best of French cavalymen. In fact, two Mamelukes, under fair conditions, could whip three Frenchmen. Two barbarians were, in any passage, more than a match for three of the bravest Frenchman. When they met each other in groups of one hundred on either side, the contest resulted in a drawn battle. Neither side seemed to obtain any advantage. When the numbers were increased to three hundred for each of the contestants the Mamelukes were invariably worsted, and, Napoleon was assured that a thousand well trained French cavalymen could whip fifteen hundred barbarians. As the number of the French increased, their training and discipline; their qualitative effectiveness, become manifest. Man for man the barbarians had the better of it, but in large masses their independent and individualistic tactics led them to defeat before the well trained, co-operating French soldiers.

Money, of course, is money. A dollar in your pocket is so much matter. Organize the dollars in

ten thousand men's pockets, (and by the way that is the function of savings banks) so that one man has access to it and the result is capital. A dollar is 100 cents. 10,000 dollars are 10,000 times 100 cents plus a new property or quality, which for convenience we name capital.

The mother is impregnated and for nine months the embryo grows and develops. Suddenly it emerges into a world of separate existence. It now begins a career of breathing, feeling, thinking. It takes on properties it did not possess while confined within the mother. Quantity is changed into quality.

And In Living Things

In the egg of a chicken is a mass of matter called albumen. Apply heat under well defined conditions, the albumen germinates, takes on the quality of life. Albumen is thus changed from inert matter into a living chicken; the shell is broken and the new arrival announces the fact by saying, "peep, peep."

Our modern incubators and their attending results are ever recurring evidences of the fact that life is a property of matter. Nothing less nor more than this. Life is not some mysterious entity coming out of nothingness, but a quality associated with matter and its organization. Life only appears under certain well specified conditions in the organization of matter; it is the result of conditions now existing on our earth. Were these conditions to be radically altered, life would assume other forms, or, perhaps disappear. Matter is a quantity; life is one of its many manifestation or qualities.

And In Society

This principle, the change of quantity into quality, also applies in the domain of society. The word "society," as here used refers to the relations and activities of all mankind regardless of age, color, sex, creed, wealth, or nationality. When using the word "society" in this sense, not the upper ten, the elite, nor the wealthy "four hundred," are to be given any undue prominence. Society, as here used, refers to all mankind, in all parts of the world, regardless of location or condition. Every new machine that is invented and put into successful operation; every business that fails, adds to the numbers of the working class. As their numbers increase, the quality of the development is improved and strengthened. The more there are of them the more effective they become. Social or historical forces bring such results as a necessity of their existence. It is a process operating independently of any particular man's will. No one man, nor group of men can for long thwart or interfere in this process. In due course, the most malignant and determined of men must bend their wills in conformity to historical events and social necessities. This process will continue until such time as a machine is set up that will bring a social revolution. The machines are now everywhere and on the increase; the workers who oper-

ate them or are displaced by them grow in numbers proportionately—the quantity is increasing, and in due time this quantity will be transformed into quality. Marx and Engels, nigh unto two generations ago, foresaw this event, which becomes more manifest as each day recedes.

The change of quantity into quality and the principle of its application, is highly scientific and was discovered in the domain of chemistry. From chemistry it has spread into every department of scientific knowledge. Even such straight-laced, strict, absolute and exact sciences as mathematics and physics have been profoundly effected by its application. Truth to tell, the recent revelations of Einstein are but wider applications of this principle. The change of quantity into quality makes all things relative—nothing now is fixed or absolute. The mutability of all things, even time and space, now becomes a part of our stock of knowledge. Two and two, since Einstein, do not always and invariably make four. Before Einstein, things mathematical and physical, “always was this way and always would be this way.” Now the quality of anything, even the most apparently permanent thing, may change in a night. The stable and fixed universe of our fathers has been relegated to the museum of antiquated ideas.

Let us take a look at some of the implications of modern science. If the generalizations of modern science are correct, it simply means that neither God, Devil, Right, Wrong, Morality, Ethics, Telepathy nor Spiritualism have any controlling and directing influence in affairs of this universe, It is well that this is so. If the above mentioned entities, or other similar gods and philosophies, were able to influence the historical or social process there would be no hope for the working class.

The Hand of God?

Since Evans, Petrie and Breasted have been digging in Egypt, Persia and Mesopotamia, we may be said to possess about nine thousand years of recorded history. During all these nine millenniums there has always been a large proportion of the population engaged in manual labor. The names for them have been many and various; sudras, coolies, slaves, serfs, wage-workers; there have been millions of them; aye, billions of them. During these nine thousand years, of which we have an account, God, at no time, concerned himself about the workers. God, granting his existence, was content that the great mass, generation after generation, should live in squalor and poverty. In this long period of the past, God never so much as gave the working class a passing thought, until today it is the frailest of hopes that He is going to reform. Either He does not exist, or existing He is impotent; possesses neither the power of good nor evil. With such apparent and obvious impotency before us, a workingman who adheres to some religious doctrine, conducts himself according to some ethical platitude, or obeys a master's creed, is simply his own worst

enemy. He encumbers himself with impedimenta that retard his progress and stand in the way of his own well-being.

God, evidently, has been so busy that the working classes have never received even the slightest notice or consideration. It is evident, if the lessons of history are to be relied upon, that whatever is to be done for the working class must be done for themselves by themselves. AND (let us put the “AND” in capitals) if the working class can do for themselves, they then can get along well without the assistance of any God.

Returning to our consideration of the change of quantity into quality, we recall its discovery in the domain of chemistry. Since this knowledge is of some importance to those who are interested in working class progress, let us, for the nonce, examine some of its basic and fundamental aspects.

Analysis of Matter

This world or universe consists of matter, the entirety of which may be contemplated under the three general heads. We have very simple forms of matter, 92 different varieties, and these are known as chemical elements. The word “element,” used in this sense implies simplicity, or indivisibility.* Chemical elements, where two or more of them are combined, form compounds. The compounds of the elements are of two kinds, classified roughly as non-living and living, or inorganic and organic. Water is a typical inorganic compound, whilst protoplasm is organic.

Upon investigation it has been discovered that these three forms of matter appeared in the world in the following order; first, chemical elements; second, inorganic compounds; and, third, organic compounds.

The organic compounds, or for our purposes, living bodies, came into the world but recently. They are the creations of yesterday. They are new forms, only appearing after long ages of preparation in a world of chemical elements, followed by an equally lengthy period of inorganic compounds.

The sun, which contains more than 99 per cent of all the matter in the solar system, has upon it, neither inorganic nor organic compounds. All the matter that goes to make up the sun is elemental. Matter on the sun exists in forms prior to its condensation into water, air or man. Some billion of years ago, the earth, which at that time was a portion of the sun, broke from its moorings, made its way into space and rapidly cooled.** As cooling progressed, the elements of which it was composed were compounded or organized so as to produce

*EDITOR'S NOTE.—Recent research in physics seems to have proven that some at least of the elements can be divided; electrons can be knocked out of their atoms so as to leave two different elements where there was one before. Needless to say, this fact does not vitiate the author's further argument in any way.

**EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is one theory; there are several others. Scientific opinion is much divided over the question. All agree, however, that the earth did not always exist, but somehow or other was formed, either at the same time as the rest of the solar system, or later than part of it. Most scientists agree that it was hotter in the beginning than it is now.

rock, air, water, fish, bird and man. The earth became a solid; only after such a process could man and society arise.

Perhaps the first compound substances formed on the earth were carbonic acid, gas and water. The formation of these substances laid the foundation for the subsequent appearance of life. In the beginning, the temperature of this earth, was probably in excess of 6000 degrees above zero. But this intense heat, owing to the frigidity of outer space, had a tendency to diminish, giving rise to such substances as silicon, sodium, and magnesium. Then came the acids, alkalis, salts, and metals.

Combination

When the temperature of the earth had been reduced to 100 degrees Centigrade, the element oxygen laid hold of the element hydrogen, forming an aqueous or watery gas. Thus water came to exist on this earth. As the heat diminished, living things began to appear; forms of matter that are basically carbon compounds. All living matter is essentially carbon, Carbon is the builder or structural content of life. Some elements are "one-handed;" can lay hold on only one other element beside themselves. Carbon, however, is "four-handed," and for this reason is capable of laying hold on many elements and producing a greater variety of organization. Carbon is a center or nucleus, around which a great variety of elements can group themselves, giving rise to a high and complex form of organization, such as has life, for instance.

Man, therefore, is a chemical substance, more specifically a carbon compound. In percentage he is 66 of water, 3.1 nitrogen, 2.1 hydrogen, 15.8 carbon, 2.5 calcium, 1.2 phosphorus, 6.7 oxygen, including about 10 ounces of potassium, fluorine, sulphur and magnesium. Man contains about 110 cubic feet of oxygen, 60 of nitrogen, 561 of hydrogen, with a drop or two of iodine. An ordinary man, weighing 150 pounds, analyzed chemically, consists of 10 gallons of water, carbon enough to make a shovelful of coal, iron sufficient for a ten penny nail, lime enough to fill a sack, phosphorus to make a box of matches; in him there is, also a teaspoonful of sugar and about the same amount of salt.

Combination Creates Life

Chemical elements, when compounded in given proportions form protoplasm, the simplest form of life known. In fact that is the meaning of the word, protoplasm, first life or first plastic organism. It is the "physical basis of life," and is found free everywhere in nature. Protoplasm, in all its manifold forms, manifests the unique property of life, sensibility or awareness. It is a plastic body readily adapting itself to its surroundings. The compounding of the chemical elements pushed millions of these small protoplasmic bodies into existence. Those being most fitted to the surroundings survived; continued to live, and to reproduce themselves after their own fashion.

The lowest forms of life are found in the waters of the earth. This is a necessary condition to life's beginnings, since water contains all the elements necessary to the formation of living things. Water, owing to the fact that it is a liquid, permits a free mingling of the elements. Air or gas is so unstable that the elements in its midst, cannot organize permanently. In solids, the rigidity precludes the required intermingling of the elements. In a liquid, such as water, the elements, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen and magnesium can mix freely. Sea water and blood are composed of the same elements, differing only in the order in which the elements are arranged.

Protoplasm, then, is a living organism, found in its pure state on the ocean bottom. It is the very simplest and lowest of living things, yet the most complicated and highest chemical compound. It is the bridge that spans the chasm from chemistry to biology; from the inorganic to the organic; from the non-living to the living. The whole group of protoplasmic animals is by Haeckel given the general name, "plasson bodies." They are chemical compounds which are plastic; readily shaped and affected by their surroundings.

Life Itself

The leading characteristic of a plasson body is the ability to move itself; it lives; it is matter having the property of life. Life therefore is no more wonderful or mysterious than the properties associated with other forms of matter. As mentioned elsewhere, sugar is sweet; vinegar sour. Vinegar and sugar are alike in being matter, they differ in their properties. When matter is in one form it is bitter; when in another form it lives. Protoplasm is a quantity of matter possessing the property of life. It is irritable; must have moisture, and absorbs sustenance from its surroundings. It could not exist on the sun for various reasons. The sun contains no water, nor are the chemical elements in such condition that they can, at this time, organize life. Life could not have appeared on earth two billion years ago, the temperature was then too high. And is it very probable a hundred million years from now life will have entirely disappeared from the face of the earth. It will then be too cold. There is no life on the moon, owing to the fact that the temperature there goes far below zero.

Life, then, results from certain conditions; it has a history; it came into the world at a given time after certain preliminary conditions had been fulfilled. It is one the incidents in the processes of nature, and, considered cosmically is of little or no importance.

Our bodies are organizations of cells, cells made of the chemical compound protoplasm. Every animal, men and women included, starts life as a single cell, barely discernible by the human eye. The cell, pushed into existence, gathers sustenance from the surrounding environment, grows and is transformed. From the moment the mother is im-

pregnated to mature manhood, the cell from which man starts passes through well defined stages of life history. Beginning as a cell in the mother's womb, in a few weeks he has the characteristic of a fish, later he takes on a lizard-like form, to be succeeded by an ape-like appearance; coming into the world he passes his childhood as a savage; in his youth he is a barbarian, and attaining the age of 35 becomes civilized.

Life, speaking in this general way, has been variously, protoplasm, fish, toad, lizard, serpent, bird, lower mammal and that mammal called "man"—in brief this is our racial history or phylogeny. Each individual, by this law of life, has in the small to relive or review each of the steps in the long history of the race. Thus the history of each individual or his ONTOGENY repeats or recapitulates the PHYLOGENY or history of the race.

Not only is this process of recapitulation true of man organically and biologically; it is equally true of the social man. From childhood to maturity, each individual repeats in his emotions, wishes, desires, ambitions, hopes, fears and play, those of the whole race of man in its passage from savagery to civilization. The boy with his gang-spirit, cave-digging and shanty building is in truth a barbarian. It takes years of patience, discipline, culture and education to civilize a boy, and then he only submits to the inevitable.*

For those readers who have come with us thus far it is necessary to round out our discussion by tabulating the various forms and organizations of life; indicate their various quantities and qualities. Tables of names and figures are, from the standpoint of the reader at least, extremely perplexing, but a moment or two given to their consideration will make the facts of chemistry and biology a little less difficult.

Nature, in her workings, combines the simplest or elemental things first, and from this moves on to higher forms of organization. Taking things apart is known as analysis, putting them together, which is nature's way, is synthesis. Nature creates by combining; putting together, in short, organizing. All forms of matter, with their various qualities, may then be said to be the result of synthesis. These synthetic creations of nature may be tabulated thus: (1) Electrons, (2) Atoms, (3) Molecules, (4) Protions, (5) Protoplasm, (6) Plants, (7) Animals, (8) Man, (9) Society. Two or more electrons make atoms; combined atoms make molecules, and, man compounded makes society.

So much for the whole process in general, now, let us return over the road by which we came and place the plants in the following order: (1) Sea-



weeds: (2) Mosses: (3) Ferns: (4) Seeded and flowering plants. There are in truth but four kinds of plants, and each may be considered in its relation to moisture. The simplest plants grow in the sea, requiring a great amount of moisture. Mosses, the second group, require not as great an abundance of water, but yet a certain amount of wetness, whereas ferns survive where it is merely damp or less wet. Seeded plants have progressed to a point where moisture is only an incident to their well being. The seeded and flowering plants are the most highly organized, and are capable of greater adaptation to comparatively dry climates, far removed from the sea. They occupy the same relative position in the plant world that man does among the animals.

The animals may be classified under eight heads. In this table two names will be given. First, that of the particular type of animal, and following it the name of the great group to which it belongs:

1. Cells or Protozoa;
2. Sponges or Porifera;
3. Jelly-fish or Coelentrata;
4. Earthworms or Vermes;
5. Star-fish or Echinodermata;
6. Oysters or Mollusca;
7. Grasshoppers or Arthropoda;
8. Apes or Vertabrata.

Here again is to be seen the increase in complexity and organization as we read downward, from items one to eight. Studying each of these in their order, we find, beginning in simplicity, they become more complicated, more highly articulated, up to and including the back-boned animals, of which last, man is the most recent product.

These latter, back-boned animals, can be further

*EDITOR'S NOTE.—One should not get the impression from this that because the life of a child is in many respects like that of a savage, that savage or barbarous life is entirely like that of children. Adult tribesmen have very much more complete social systems, activities, and cultures than children of civilized men. Perhaps it would be better to say that just as the embryos of pig and man resemble each other more than the adults do, so do the culture of barbarous child and civilized child resemble each other more than those of their parents.

classified according to the degree of organization attained at any given stage:

1. Fishes or Water Breathers;
2. Amphibians or Air and Water Breathers;
3. Reptiles or True Air Breathers;
4. Birds, Feathered and Warm Blooded;
5. Mammals, Suckle the Young:

Amphibians, the double breathers, second in the list, when newly born or hatched, breathe or aerate water like their ancestors the fishes. When grown, the amphibians breathe air like their descendants the reptiles. A frog is a typical amphibian. Reptiles, the next in order, are of an ancient race that once upon a time numbered eighteen branches, inhabiting the air, water and land. In their heyday they were the most highly developed creatures on earth. The climate of the world was then considerably warmer than now. In fact it was so warm that these creatures were cold-blooded; nature had not yet "invented" warm blood. Since their day the temperature of the earth has fallen considerably with the result that only five of the original eighteen branches have survived, four of which we now see as turtles, lizards, snakes and crocodiles. Such are the survivors of what once

was a great race that dominated the world before the coming of the mammals and man.

As the mountains were pushed up, and with them the surrounding land, the climate became quite cold. *) Coldness brought feathers and warm blood into the world. Truth to tell, the birds, fourth in the list, are nothing other than warm blooded reptiles with feathers.

After the feathers came fur, a more convenient covering. Then came man with his large brain and inventive ingenuity. The rigors of a gradually lowering temperature hold no terrors for him.

Thus we see that all life is one; that it is a property of matter, and that this property or quality changes in accordance with alterations in the surroundings or environment. Life connects backward with the gaseous and inorganic; it connects forward with feeling, mind and society. Nor is the end yet. Out of the great womb of time will come a greater, finer civilization. Hasten the day when the workers of the world will, by the perfection of their organization make such an event possible.

*EDITOR'S NOTE.—The author adopts one of several theories over which scientists are now contending. All agree that the climate cooled. Also it is beyond doubt that it was once (during the ice age) much cooler than it is now, at least in the Northern Hemisphere.

THE MORON



By VERSUS

NOW, FATHAH," said the sweet young thing with the occasional Bostonese accent, "what are you hiding that book for? Naughty, naughty!" and she menaced him with her rosy finger, and smirked, and bobbed her empty pretty head.

The grim old man with the writhing fingers fumbling the telephone on his desk glared up, but had the grace to blush a little. Old C. A. Mather, President of Mather & Co., owner of enormous textile mills where members of every nationality in Europe and the Near East labored their youth away, owner of far stretching plantations where the children of the South sweated out their lives chopping cotton, owner of department stores where the thin-cheeked children of the cities, hectic and consumptive, rattled interminably, nervously, in shrill voices, selling his wares—this man, this POWER incarnate over little slaves—loved his daughter. Or at least, he felt that close, clannish feeling that may really be pride, but amounts to passion—because she was his only daughter, his only descendent, the last twig on a famous old family tree, always of the ruling class. So he let her smirk and giggle at his embarrassment, while he hid a copy of a forbidden book in his desk and blushed.

"Go on down to the charity meeting," he said gruffly, when he could use his voice.

"Oh, no charity meeting—charity is passe. It's social service now. We go right into the homes of the poor, and teach them to buy the cheapest cuts of meat."

"Well, damned good idea. Lazy, filthy, pampered hounds; they'll get no cut at all but a wage cut if this strike will only end. Get out! I got a conference."

"Ta-ta, Old Dear. Don't strain your eyes in the conference. They make those books in *such* fine print."

Mather jabbed the buzzer button, and there was a scurry of deferential feet. Then some one was ushered in, and by the time the boss raised his bulging, yellowed eyes to the slinking shadow that slipped through the rugs, six inches deep, towards his desk, he had already forgotten his daughter.

The shadow slouched in front of the desk, craven, fidgety. Mather regarded it cruelly.

"You read over that police dossier?" he snapped, finally.

The shadow made no sound, but seemed to contract a little.

"Hanging matter, ain't it?" said Mather. "How'd you like to hear that old crow, the D. A., cawing



over you, "We got a perfect hanging case? How'd you like to see the papers, "RAPIST AND MURDERER CAUGHT" Oh, get up off my desk, you toad. Here, take a good drink. Yes, stick the bottle in your pocket. I was only kidding. I got some real work for you. Right in your line, I guess. You know that damn, greasy Sheeney, the strike leader—well, I'm going to tell you how to fix him, and you're going to do the fixing—and you'll like it.

"We found out where he lives. This is the address. I went down myself to see the place. Its a shabby basement under a small apartment house. Private entrance. One room. Nobody can see you go in. Nobody pays any attention to it. The Sheeney spends his nights there, when he isn't raising hell at some strike committee meeting, which is most of the time nowadays.

"Now, I'm not in the habit of telling you boys too much. But this has to be done right, see, for there's hanging in it. You know these big nosed radical Russian Kikes are all perverts, don't you? Hell, yes. I been hearing that ever since I was out of Sunday School. Well, we going to catch this one right in the act. He's a ripper see? How can I prove it? Well, you're the lad for that. About ten o'clock tonight I'm going down there, with a patrol wagon load of police, and they're going to find the body of a girl there, cut up—yeh' ripped open. See here, this book, it tells what they do. Yeh, get you a good razor or something; sure, make a lot of gashes, and tear

out her liver, and put a lot of it in the Kike's bed; make a good mess. Cut off her breasts and put them under the pillow."

"The girl—what the hell do I care where you get her? You got a closed car and a driver ain't you? What do you think we are paying you for? Get her off the street down in the slums there. But listen, you pick out a good looker, see? Some young bitch all dressed up for a jamboree—paint and powder and short dress and bobbed hair. . . ."

The telephone rang. Mather answered it, "Yes." Oh, that you Sergeant O'Rourke? So you got the Sheeney, heh? Arrested right on the street with no one around? Listen Sergeant. Don't let anybody know you got him, see? The story will be that he spent the afternoon at home, see? Yes, take him to some hotel, not to jail. No, nothing on the blotter. 'Bye."

The shadowy person was uneasy again, but already seemed different, more material, more sinister. Evil. With moist, drooling lips, and dreamy glowing eyes that now looked full at his master, unafraid. Mather watched him a moment, and the same soft, rotten light came into his own more prominent eyes. For a moment there was mutual understanding between the two men—an equality—a meeting on common ground. Then the shadow passed on out, and was gone.

* * *

Real shadows crept down over the city, darker and darker. Mather sat in his office, now lighted, and read breathlessly through the book. Occasionally he glanced at the clock. Sometimes he licked his oily lips. There was a mound of cigar ash in the cloisonne tray.

Then the phone call, which he had been expecting. "Yeh, you got her did you? Everything all fixed up? Be right down. Wait here in my office for me. Want to see it myself."

* * *

That was about the last sane word he spoke. When his secretary rushed into the private office and wrenched the smoking gun from his hand, from which seven steel jacketed bullets had just crashed through the head of the nondescript person that was seen in conference with him about noon, he was a raving maniac. Before the sedative had done its work, his heart collapsed, and he was dead. Unnerved, the doctors said, by the horrible discovery of the mutilated body of his daughter, who played at social work and had been killed by a "moron."

The first rumor was that the daughter had had a love affair with the leader of the strike in her father's mills, and had been murdered by him in jealousy, but that story fell through because Police-sergeant O'Rourke, when told that his secret employer was dead, and hearing of the fate fallen upon "the sweet young thing," felt somehow superstitious, and with a sweating face, made haste to spread the news that the strike leader had been in custody all afternoon and evening.

Editorials



The Harvest

Yes, what shall the harvest be? This year more than ever, the harvest worker has need of organization. Great forces are working, back of the scenes, so to speak, to make the life of the men who take in the wheat, year by year, harder and their living more precarious. Two main tendencies can be traced, in quite recent years, each of them showing an inclination to increased importance.

The first of these is the actual displacement of men by machinery. It works indirectly to fill the ranks of the harvest workers, and of all other sorts of agricultural workers too, for that matter, and it works directly, to do so. The indirect effect is caused by the increase of unemployment in the cities, railroads and mines. Steel workers, textile workers, coal miners, are all being forced, through speed up systems (made possible by machinery) and by new inventions of labor saving devices, to join the army of the jobless. Many of these workers came originally from the farms, and many others have relatives or acquaintances who started their career of service to American capitalism in farming communities. To all of these, there comes, in their moment of great need, a hunger for the scenes of their childhood, where they remember that at least the table was well stocked with good food, and the work, if hard, seemed plentiful. They head out to take in the wheat, or look for opportunities as permanent farm hands. Usually they

find there are few jobs, and these are the prize of competition with other workers, except in the wheat harvest, where a great number of men are needed for a very short time in each locality. The more men there are, the shorter the time they are needed.

But even worse than this, is the direct effect of labor saving devices on the farms themselves. Farm machinery increases in im-

portance, right along. All kinds of improved plows, drills, harrows, and seeders, make it more and more possible for the individual farmer and his family to take care of the plowing, seeding and cultivating without hiring outside help. All kinds of reaping, binding, and especially small threshing machines and combined harvesters make the amount of hired help smaller than formerly even in the harvest.

This displacement of farm help by farm machinery has gone still farther in the "home guard" farm industry than in the harvest. Arthur Evans, special correspondent for a Chicago newspaper, writes as follows:

"One interesting phenomenon in Iowa is this: Labor-saving devices on the farm are releasing labor from agriculture, it appears, faster than it is absorbed by the manufacturing industries of the state.

"One machine alone, the corn husker, in the last four years has displaced 19,200 men who husked in the old fashioned way. Farm machinery is rapidly increasing. More than 37,000 tractors are on Iowa farms today and power farming is growing fast. There is nearly one automobile to every farm in the state and 19,000 auto trucks on farms, and 30,169 homesteads have lighting plants.

"One sees the effect in the towns and cities. There is no apparent farm labor shortage, but rather a surplusage of workers in the hamlets who used to put in the summer in the fields. The state employ-

ment office reports three or four applicants for every job available. Experienced, all the year around hands are in good demand and get good wages—single hands, \$35 to \$50 a month with keep, married couples \$45 to \$60. But the casual worker is in less and less demand, except in the rush season, and floating labor which now follows the harvest northward from Kansas to Canada in flivvers, finds that machinery is lessening the labor demand every year.

"Here's a significant fact; for three decades the number of folks actually on the farm in Iowa has been decreasing, but at the same time production has been increasing prodigiously. For instance, during the last fifteen years corn production in the United States has increased at the rate of about six million bushels a year. Of this, Iowa has contributed 5,000,000 bushels."

Passing casually over the fact that Arthur Evan's definition of a good wage (\$35 to \$50 a month) might not seem so correct to him if he were doing the work and drawing only that wage for it himself instead of holding down a high salaried position as a publicity man for Iowa, we take notice that the machine in the farming community has the same effect that it has in the city, only worse, because the factory owner, however good the machinery at his command, does not himself labor at real production, and fire his entire labor force, while that is exactly what does happen on many farms. And where things do not go quite that far, there is at least, greater production with less men taking part in the production; in the last few years, "the number of folks actually on the farm in Iowa has been decreasing," but, "Iowa has contributed 5,000,000 bushels" increased corn production during that same time.

Evans, nor any other capitalist apologist for that matter, will not tell you of the other side of the case, the increase of unemployment through the dispossession of the farmer from his land, or his crushing to the point where he temporarily leaves his land and goes into the labor market, following the wheat crop in a flivver. The Evans article would give you the impression that the farmers were all highly contented

and satisfied, rich and prosperous, and that enough of this prosperity, despite the absence of jobs, had descended upon the farm laborer so that now that individual had his own means of locomotion, was a flivver owner himself.

The fact is that the farmer has been losing out, relative to the growth of population. The reason there are not so many "folks actually on the farm in Iowa" is because there, as in other states, they cannot make a living. Several million farmers have lost their farms during the last few years—and are now in the labor market. There are many abandoned farms, scattered through the Rocky Mountain region, on the edges of the Southwestern deserts, and in old New England.

The U. S. government does not like to put out figures showing the number driven from the land by low prices for farm products, and high prices for manufactured products, but it does let out the information about the relations of farm ownership as contrasted with farm renting. By this we see that in 1910 there were 465,000,000 acres owned by their farmers under cultivation in 1910, while ten years later, there were only 461,000,000 acres under cultivation by their owners. During the same period the number of tenants engaged in farming increased their acreage from 221,000,000 to 265,000,000. It is just these tenant farmers who are poverty stricken, hard to work for, anxious to work themselves after their harvest is in as day laborers for other and richer farmers, and who usually have small farms on which they can do most of the work themselves.

And it is these small tenant farmers, most of them sons of large farmer families who have no room for all their descendents on the inherited estate, who continually go broke, and enter permanently the ranks of the unemployed.

In Lincoln's day they used to say, Lincoln said it himself, that the regular thing in America was for a young man to work for wages, until he got money enough to rent some land, and then, work the land until he got money enough to buy it. Now the situation is just reversed, farmers start

out with land they own themselves, then they lose their land to the bank which has a mortgage upon it, then they rent the land from the bank, then they are crowded out of that by some big capitalistic undertaking which uses more machinery and fewer men, and become day laborers themselves, at the same time that the number of jobs at which day laborers can work is being reduced.

All this may be summed up in a few words: there are too many agricultural workers, and their numbers are growing; there are too few jobs, and the number will be less in the future; a large percentage of the present number of harvest workers are themselves part time farmers and part time workers, and these are not class conscious yet, and are therefore hard to organize.

And these conditions mean that in the near future wages will fall and hours be extended in harvest work, unless the workers themselves do something about it. The thing they can do is to organize, to educate the groups in their midst who are not aware of the situation, and to cut the hours (making more jobs) and raise the wages, making up for the shorter length of jobs. The bad times coming without organization are plainly recognized by the members of Agricultural Workers Industrial Union No. 110 of the I.W.W., and pointed out on numerous occasions by them. What is needed now is for the unorganized to wake up, and get busy and organize. That is their only hope. A. W. I. U. No. 110 of the I.W.W. is the only organization.

OUTLAW STRIKES IN THE EAST.—Indications point continually more directly to the fact that company unionism is losing its grip on some workers at least. There are numerous outlaw strikes in industries where the company thought the workers were thoroughly fooled. The largest is still the Passaic strike, against which the employers in their desperation, resorted to petty slander. In an attempt to discredit Albert Weisbord, Chairman of the strike committee, and start dissension, a woman called "Rosalind Lapnore" filed

suit for breach of promise against him. This was a move to drive away certain religious groups who were giving relief to the strikers. The New York WORLD, entirely capitalistic, investigated the story and discovered that the "Lapnore" woman is handled by the celebrated international spy, Jacob Nosovitski, who brought her to the company offices.

The New York subway railway strike was a revolt of workers against a much stronger and better organized company union than any in the textile mills. It created endless confusion in the traffic, though the walkout was not complete. As this is written, it seems to be growing more complete.

The rebellion among the oil workers at Perth Amboy was a surprise to all company officials, and a sudden threat to strike won a wage increase. More "labor trouble" is developing there.

The spirit of revolt is spreading among the low paid factory and transport workers of the East. It is by just such as these, that the I. W. W. should be recognized as a unifying force, an organization for everybody. Join the I. W. W.!

THEY STILL STRIKE.—As this is written the British coal miners still strike, after over two months and a half of grim struggle with starvation. It is no light task to feed a million men and their families, probably about four million mouths to fill in all. A million dollar gift is only twenty-five cents for one day for each of them. These workers need money and need it badly. The British Government has practically given up its attempt to shut off outside strike relief, and American workers have no excuse for delaying any longer. Even the hopelessly reactionary, labor hating bureaucracy of the American Federation of Labor has grudgingly consented to have collections made.

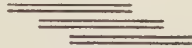
It would be still better to stop the purchase of coal in America. The British government, without money to guarantee the continuation of the subsidy for payment of wages, has millions with which to buy coal to break the strike, and has contracted for

many shiploads from both union and non-union fields in America. So far, practically nothing effective has been done to stop the mining and transportation of this coal.

The last act is the proposition of the Miners' Federation of Britain to pull out the pump and maintenance men. This will raise a terrible storm from English capitalist and middle class circles, and such Christian Laborites as Ramsay MacDonald can be relied on to fight it to the last. When the pump men come out, the employers must win or surrender quickly, or there will not be any mines to make profit on in a few days. With the pumps stopped,

water rises in the shafts and galleries, and the ground begins to cave.

We can expect every possible moralistic argument to be used to prevent this "destruction of property" but not one of them will have any real worth. The miners are under no obligation to make it easy for the mine owners to starve them into surrender. Let the owners face the prospect of surrendering or losing, not their lives as the miners may, but their property, and not really theirs, at that, but just land they have gained control of, and capital they have stolen from workers.



Butte Employers in Secret Conclave

(Continued From Page 8)

The purpose of the meeting, of course, was to devise ways and means of breaking the strike. Two points will impress the reader; first the lack of logic displayed by the speakers, the weaving back and forth without arriving at any conclusion except that the U. S. army must be used for putting an end to the strike by violence. The impression they leave is that of a set of brainless apes at bay, snarling, spluttering and stuttering, offering only as a remedy, violence and destruction. The second point is that they all agree, while admitting that the strike was a protest against a wage cut, that it was an attempt to change "our" form of government, a "revolution." The prosecuting attorney wails that the Sheriff, the police and the courts are powerless and that only the strong arm of martial law can cope with the "bolsheviks."

This bunch of "leading lights" in the community displays the ethics of the Neanderthal and the intellect of an undeveloped savage. They are a disgrace to themselves and a disgrace to the working class that allows itself to be ruled by them.

Mr. Eugene Carroll was nominated and elected chairman. He announced that "the Major has just gotten into town and wants to get a line on the situation here, as I understand it. In order that there can be no question as to what you say or as to what takes place at this meeting, there is a stenographer here who will take down and transcribe the full proceedings, so that there can be no question in the future as to what is said or done." (That was considerate, as otherwise we would not have had this account of the meeting).

The chairman introduced Mr. John Gillie,

"manager of mines of the Anaconda Copper Mining Co., the largest producing company in our district."

Mr. Gillie told about the production of copper, stated that the district normally employs 18,000 to 20,000 men. He proceeds: "On account of employing everyone that came in we were loaded up with an element here that at different times before has made onslaughts on this place and is known as the I. W. W., and in connection with them the pro-German and revolutionary element. We kept them at work in order to produce." He then told of the surplus of copper following the close of the war, and touched on the sliding scale of wages (which was abolished as the result of the 1917 strike) and spoke of the cut in wages just made from \$5.75 a day to \$4.75. He goes on: "It seemed to be an opportune time for this disturbing element to take hold and they immediately got out and called a strike. No demands were made upon the company of any kind but they struck against any reduction, notwithstanding this reduction was practically agreed upon by representatives—the real representatives of labor. (He refers here to a handpicked delegation of labor skates headed by McMullen who had been summoned to Washington for consultation by Sec'y of Labor Wilson). This same element to prevent the production of copper organized a pro-German movement all through this country." He concludes by giving the assembly a conglomeration of falsehoods as to the picketing carried on by the strikers, and expressing his sorrow for the men who, he claims, are prevented from going to work.

The chairman, who is manager of the Butte

Water Co., complains that the men in the employ of his company have been "pulled out of the ditches and the tools have been taken away from them." He asks "why don't the state and county authorities handle the situation and why the necessity of the military doing it at this time?" He introduced *J. Bruce Kremer*, who is "familiar with the situation and has been in legal affairs of the mining companies for several years."

The speaker referred to the blowing up of the old miners union hall on June 13th, 1914. Then he rushed on: "It does not matter whether there is a strike on or not, the fact remains that men are not allowed to work. Industry is paralyzed, business is stagnant and the community faces a crisis that must mean financial ruin. Far greater and beyond that hunger and privation stands knocking at the door of many householders in this community— — — — —"

Any Methods

"I believe it is important that something should be done.— — — —If it is apparent to us that the only way it can be established is to have the civil authorities step aside and the military authorities step in, then certainly that is the course that should be pursued.— — —I am satisfied that through the medium of the army officials anything that may confront it with reference to the method will be speedily faced."

Mr. *D. J. Charles*, banker, ex-county commissioner, was then introduced: "I believe that if the men are going to be beat up and families disturbed in order to keep men from employment, I think it has come to a point where something radical should be done.— — — —If these conditions are existing and the sheriff and the city authorities are not able to cope with the situation, perhaps this is the time to start martial law and allow people to be employed that want to work.— — — If this is the proper time, let's go to it."

Judge Dwyer (ex A. C. M. attorney) judge of the district court, was the next speaker. He reviewed 1914, and paid his respects to Muckie Donald, then said: "Going back to the cause of conditions, it is a little bit socialist and the rest radical element. In fact, it is a thing that was made in Germany for outside consumption and we are the consumers here. We have five thousand people in Butte at present who have no sense of right or wrong. They claim they cannot live on what they make but these men who run the miners off the hill, these Finlanders and others, sleep three shifts in the same bed and live on one dollar a day and save more than ever before heard of."

He then speaks of the high cost of living and adds: "There is no question but what on many things prices are high in this community and many working in the mines cannot live on the wages. These radicals seize on that as one of their causes and get to their support a lot of persons they otherwise would not get. The dangerous element to contend with here is those that know no other

restraint than fear of law.— — — —I sometimes think it obvious, the principle of give and take. You cannot teach wobblies that principle. They have to be handled."

Mr. *Partelow*, secretary of the Montana Federation of Labor, was very non-committal. He merely reviewed the dynamiting of the union hall in 1914 and closed by saying: "I have stated my viewpoint as a laboring man without authority to speak for my organization." (It might be pertinent to ask what he was doing among that bunch of labor haters?).

The "Free Lance"

We then have the editor of the *Free Lance*, a so-called "Labor Publication." His name is *F. A. Bigelow*, and he prefaces his remarks by a bow to his fellow fakir, *Partelow*, "As Mr. *Partelow* has just stated, a laboring man speaking at this time is in a peculiar position" However, he continues, "I say that I believe some drastic steps are necessary to rid the atmosphere at this time. If we could get rid of (emphasis mine— A. S. E.) one hundred men in this community it would clear up the atmosphere, so we could get along for possibly five years. . . . I know that the civil authorities in this town can never straighten things up." (Mr. *Bigelow* is one of the best company men who ever worked on a labor paper).

It was plain that the Rotary Club was, as usual, in favor of strict suppression of all strikers. President *Charles S. Henderson* announced that at a meeting of the local members of the club on that same day, "The proposition was put up to them as to what was best to be done. The statement was made that as far as the bolshevists and wobblies were concerned they have practically done their work up to this time, paralyzed industry and stopped work. What more can they do? . . . The Rotary Club, composed of men of different lines of business went on record today and passed a resolution asking that martial law be started in this community as soon as it can be done."

F. L. Melcher, business manager of the *Western Iron Works*, and engaged in other capitalistic enterprises indicated that the rank and file of the unions had escaped from the control of their pie-card artists. After describing the strike in the iron works, which included all departments, apparently, and telling of a few men who came back to work, and a few more who came back and offered to work if their wages were raised, he said, "There is one thing that came to my ears today. That officials at Washington had called representatives of labor there within the last two weeks. Those representatives have come back here. One of them undertook to talk last night to one of the unions and he was hissed and called down. They would not listen to him." Mr. *Melcher* seemed to think this was the crowning act of treason, for he further declared, "If this condition exists in this community it is time something was done. I suggest that we stop these things. Put the mil-

itary in power and clean this thing up. Find out who the disturbers are and get them out as soon as the law will provide."

The End of the World

The strike of the workers on the street railway company was described by its manager, J. R. Wharton, as follows:

"Last Monday morning our men went to work and had four cars out of the barn. A mob of about four hundred men came down there and lined up in front of the gate. Watchman, who is a nervy fellow said, 'This is private property. Stop where you are'. Immediately called the sheriff's office. The sheriff got there with his force and some soldiers but they pulled our men off the work. The men told me they did not take the cars out and did not believe they could run the cars. I don't believe they could do it today except under your protection."

And the harrassed Mr. Wharton thinks the end of the capitalist system is in sight. "We have had strikes. We met the strikers in our own rooms and come to terms with them. But with the element now in control there is no talking. They are not trying to shut down the street railroad. It means it is no strike, it is revolution. They want a change of government and if they are not stopped they are going to succeed."

Then another labor fakir lifts his voice in the interests of his masters, once more betraying the men who elected him to office in their union. Says Mr. Farrel, Secretary of the Teamsters' Union: "Any man who is not in accord with the wild ideas or radical ideas of the wobblies or bolsheviks is immediately abused and ridiculed and humiliated from end to end of the world as being opposed to the interests of the laboring classes and they use their best efforts to discredit those people. I speak simply as an individual. I do not pretend to represent the sentiments of the teamsters' union." It might be added in explanation of this diffidence on the part of Mr. Farrel, that his union had been asked to join the strike, many of them had walked off the jobs without waiting for a vote and Farrel was afraid that a reduction in the cost of gloves, shoes, and provisions was needed in order to quiet them. Still, he would do what he could to make them scab, and in this meeting he attacked the strike leaders vigorously. When he was with the strike committee he talked differently.

Joseph R. Jackson, the County Attorney of Silver Bow County (in which Butte is located) is introduced. Surprisingly enough, he admits frankly: "With respect to the men who are out in good faith they undoubtedly have a just cause for complaint as to the high cost of living and existing conditions. . . . I cannot see how the workingmen of the community have existed during the past year. It is not the retailer. The wholesaler, jobber, he is the man. He holds the community by the throat and calls the military to come in and kick the

heads off the men that are down."

But this man is not as honest as he seems. He has a task to preform for his masters, and this admission of the justice of the strike which everybody knew anyway, is only his camouflage. The strike shall be broken by force, because it is a "revolution" not a strike. Never mind if they are striking against wage cuts, when they have to be shot, it as revolutionists they will be shot, not merely strikers. It does not occur to him to stop the revolution by granting the economic demands, which he admits are just. Instead, he reads the I. W. W. Preamble, and then says, "Take these men as undesirable, and deport them. Let's get them out of the community. . . ." He describes the impossibility of convicting any of the strikers under the civil law because, "in this town a jury is drawn entirely from our working people." So:

"I can say there is only one thing to be done and that the civil authorities cannot do. The thing to do is to put squarely all the power of the county into the hands of one man who is strong enough to handle the situation. . ." Evidently Mussolini was not very original.

Others Chime In

A whole flock of little personages lift up parrot voices—probably sincerely enough, for their interests for once are the same. Colonel Donahue brags of his hard boiled tactics in 1914, when martial law prevailed, and advises it again, for "At the present time the (strike) movement here is composed of the Wobbly element."

Raymond Ruhle, manager of the McKee Printing Corporation, and Mr. Bigelow protest about the despicable acts of the printers, who were giving money to the Butte Bulletin, which supported the strike.

Mr. Gillie makes a peculiar statement, which if it means anything, indicates that some one was thinking of revenge on some prominent strikers, before they might possibly escape. He said: "I would like to call the attention of one point made by Mr. Jackson. If anything is done under military law it must be done right off. They will disappear like snow as soon as martial law is declared." Mr. Jackson, the County Attorney had outlined a campaign of arrests and persecution, to take place through Federal authorities, with the local jury system suspended.

And the voice of the Church is likewise listened to. A Roman Catholic Priest, who would not let his name go into the record, pleads the cause of poor and meek, thuswise: "Knowing, as I do, the good will of the company here employing labor to try to bring us over the period of difficulty that we are under just after the war, it is a case where people would become impatient. We must not delay to start these people (that is, the scabs. —A. S. E.) earning whose duties it is to provide necessities for helpless children. I suggest that we handle this matter under the protection of the United States government."

Finally we have Mr. *John Berkin* who is introduced as a mine superintendent and businessman. In what other capacity he appears on the mine payroll when he is not superintending is not hard to guess.

He also refers to the 1914 disturbance and eagerly takes up the suggestion dropped by Gillie: "As soon as martial law is declared they will get out of this town. There is where we want to grab these fellows." He agrees with the man from the teamsters' union as to the cost of living and regrets that the cut in wages had not been delayed for sixty days.

"Destroy These Men"

He states that five leaders control the strikers and that there are fifteen to twenty others that are "helpers or muckers to the man that works the machine," and refers to the majority of the strikers as aliens, placing the total out on strike at about 2500.

In 1917 Frank Little was taken from his bed in the dead of night by a gang of gunmen, company officials and businessmen whose names are generally known to the miners of Butte. They hanged Little to the Milwaukee trestle after battering his head with saps and otherwise maltreating him. Was that in the mind of Mr. Berkin when he offered the remedy following?

"These five men you must destroy, by what action I am unable to say. For all times take out root and core of this proposition. All right if they get me but I am going to get my part before I go. They got to walk over my dead body to do it. Get to this Butte Bulletin and destroy it. I know every man at the head of this organization. They are not going to do anything. If the street cars start tomorrow they will not molest the street cars, simply because the major is here."

"Wait until the son-of-a-gun goes out of town then we will blow it up altogether."

So ends this mighty concourse of minds all burning with zeal for the cause of their master—the Anaconda Copper Mining Co.

Before going further we will point out a few discrepancies in their remarks. Berkin says there were 2500 strikers; Gillie states the district normally employs 18,000 to 20,000 men; J. Bruce Kremer says "industry is paralyzed;" the Rotary club man says, "they have paralyzed industry and stopped work." And the statements of several others make it clear that the miners were off the hill and that many other lines of industry were affected. But the company papers were insisting that a few men, revolutionists, had prevailed on a few hundred miners to strike; Berkin was following the lead of the papers, the others were telling one another the truth as to the extent of the strike.

The following morning martial law was declared. The I. W. W. hall was raided and cleared by a company of soldiers who charged in with bayonets fixed. One of the strikers, *John Kinnari*,

was stabbed in the abdomen and his wife arrested when she "assaulted" the soldier who stabbed her husband. Martial law was proclaimed and squads of soldiers rushed along the sidewalks of the main streets ordering them cleared. They were not in the least particular as a score of business men and others not concerned in the strike were produced with bayonets or beaten with rifle butts. The soldiers and the police undertook to drive the newsboy pickets off the streets. The boys ran circles around them and continued to prevent the boy scout scabs from selling or delivering the papers.

From the time the strike started returned soldiers took a leading part in it. Attired in their uniforms they acted as captains and lieutenants of picket squads and the picketing was very effective. Major Jones and one of his captains were particularly incensed on this account and many of these soldier strikers were seized, thrown into jail and stripped of their uniforms.

Running Wild

The officers in charge went crazy and the soldiers under their command ran wild. Businessmen were actually ordered off the streets, pricked and beaten just as if they might be strikers. That would never do. Telegrams began to pour in on the White House and the Department of War at Washington, D. C. The morning following orders came from the war department that the imported soldiers were to protect the property of the mining companies, outside the city limits.

Although the soldiers on the hill and the police and gunmen in town made it hard for the strikers to maintain a picket line, very few tried to go back to work. But the engineers once more voted against joining the strike and the electricians followed suit. One by one the craft unions began to weaken. Then the miners, in order to maintain their organization, called the strike off after a ten day fight that was in reality a general strike.

Not long after the strike ended wages were again back at \$5.75 a day.

INDUSTRIAL SOLIDARITY

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE I.W.W.

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ALL OVER THE MAP

By DANIEL TOWER

ARTHUR BRISBANE is a profound student of cause and effect. In a column of his, syndicated under the title "This Week," Arthur tells about an unwise father who threatened to cut off the head of his four-year-old son, thus trying to teach him obedience. "On Monday," says the great Hearst editor, "James Brand got an axe, trying to carry out his father's idea, cut off the head of his little brother. He killed the brother."

* * *

Spontaneity runs rife among the Rotary and Kiwanis brethren in Montana. The Daily MIS-SOULIAN, in telling of the impending return of Arnold Gillette, a local celebrity, declares that "he should be met with the greatest reception ever given a conquering hero. The university authorities, the chamber of commerce, the Kiwanis, Rotary and all other organizations should lose no time in getting together to arrange for a reception that will remain without parallel for its enthusiasm and spontaneity."

* * *

Editors frequently strain their intellects wrestling with the prison problem. E. B. Ault of the Seattle UNION RECORD, formerly a labor paper, voices this alarming fear: "If the prisons are made into real workshops and the inmates enabled to earn real wages there is likely to be an enormous increase in 'crime' on the part of the unemployed to insure themselves steady jobs."

We doubt it. Minnesota and California boast of paying high wages to their prisoners, but there is no evidence of any rush to break into the penitentiaries in those states.

* * *

People are not properly considerate of the feelings of our industrial magnates. When the National Association of Umbrella Manufacturers met in New York, a hotel orchestra at one of its banquets played "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More."

* * *

Aimee Semple McPherson, the Los Angeles evangelist, feels hurt because various persons are skeptical of her story about being kidnaped for \$500,000 ransom. She is not the first to have such a tale questioned. We remembered an honest looking janitor of a flat building in Chicago who went around the corner for one beer and didn't come back for four days. He weighed 300 pounds.

When he returned he explained that he had been taken prisoner by some rough men, blindfolded and gagged, placed on a low rakish craft, and taken across the lake to Michigan. In a barn among the dunes, he asserted, his captors removed the blindfold and flashed a lantern into his face. "Curses!" they cried. "We have stolen the wrong child!"



Last year when we were in Los Angeles, a middle-aged woman who sat adjacent to us in a street car handed us a card. It bore an advertisement of Mrs. McPherson's temple. "She cured me of epilepsy," the strange woman told us. "She's perfectly wonderful."

* * *

The woman on the street car spoke to us with the same impulsiveness that we once observed in a visitor who inadvertently gained entrance to the news room of a San Francisco daily. Somehow he had got past the office boy at the door, and walked straight to the city editor's desk. He had with him a small boy with a bandaged leg. "I'll show you right where the dog bit him," were his opening words to the city editor, and then he proceeded to unwind the bandage.

* * *

"Indians and Soldiers Walk Arm in Arm Where Custer's Men Were Slaughtered." Thus a news headline. We've never been able to work up much sympathy for Custer and his outfit. They brought their deaths upon themselves by attacking the Sioux. That attack was part of a campaign to take land from the Indians. The kick-back of the

redskins was a lesson in thoroughness of purpose; every one of Custer's 1,100 men was killed. Hornets ordinarily won't bother humans unless one troubles them.

* * *

Boy scouts served as scabs in the British general strike. Lately the Scouts have aroused the indignation of Eastern citizens by injuring trees. They put up signs pointing the way to their permanent camps, and fastened these signs to trees with four or five nails each. And then they talk in their literature about the wisdom of forest con-

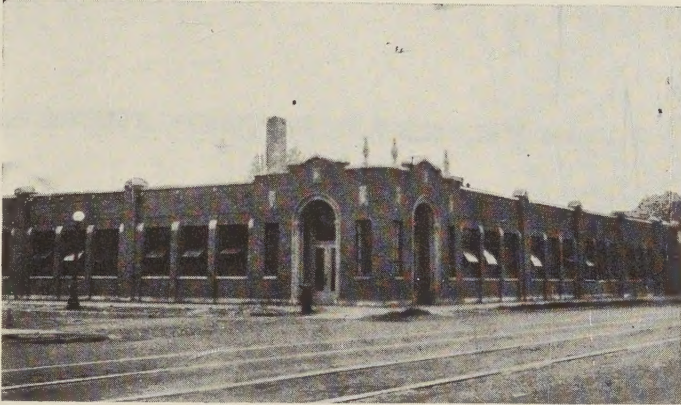
versation.

There was once a bright boy in Toledo who took a lot of honors and finally worked up to be a Scout commander. He was employed in a wholesale house, the owner of which made annual contributions to the Scout organization upkeep. When this country got tangled up with the war in Europe the bright lad was summoned in the draft. In filling out a "selective service" questionnaire, he came to the question: "What department of the army do you prefer to be in?" And his answer was: "Manager."



Your Headquarters in Chicago

Here are General Headquarters of the I. W. W., main offices of Agricultural Workers' Ind. Union, Lumber Workers' Ind. Union, General Construction Workers' Ind. Union, Building Construction Workers' Ind. Union, General Recruiting Union, General Defense Committee, Equity Printing Plant, Workers' International Educational Society and six I. W. W. publications.



This building is bought and partly paid for. It is useful to the working class, and especially to the revolutionary industrial unionists of which the I. W. W. is composed. Efforts are necessary to preserve it for this purpose. It is your headquarters, Fellow Workers, and you must do your share to keep it functioning for you. Read below to render assistance. Then give your aid.

One Day's Wages a Month

The General Executive Board of the I. W. W. has established a Debt Fund, to be kept separate from the other finances of the organization, to be administered by the General Secretary-Treasurer of the I. W. W. and three trustees, one of whom is the Secretary-Treasurer of the Workers' International Educational Society. The Debt Fund is for the purpose of paying the debts of the organization and to assist the Workers' International Educational Society to make payments on the headquarters building. No money can be drawn out of it for any other purpose, and no money can be drawn at all without the signatures of the trustees and the General Secretary-Treasurer of the I. W. W. Why not donate a day's wages a month to the debt fund until the I. W. W. is out of debt and the building is paid for? Why not loan money to the debt fund?

--- *The* ---

Workers' International Educational Society

Why do we have a Workers' International Educational Society? Why not have the I. W. W. buy and own a building?

There are two reasons. First, the I. W. W. is not a real estate company, and its officials do not want to be and should not be continually pestered with financial difficulties connected with buildings. They are placed in office for the grand purpose of organizing the workers, and should be allowed to give their whole time to it. Secondly, experience has shown that when revolutionary labor organizations legally and formally own property, they are likely to lose it through the chicanery of capitalist courts, or through mob violence; and the same risk is not run in so great a measure by buildings used by the unions, but owned by a cooperative society of its members. The W. I. E. S. therefore has its function. Shares numbering 874 have been sold, already; why not more? Come on, Fellow Workers; there are some left!

MINERS JOIN--

A press dispatch gives us the news that the Anaconda is soon to take over the control of the world's biggest zinc mines located in Poland, thus gaining control of the international zinc market. The millions necessary to close this deal were produced by the mine workers of Butte.

The average value of the Anaconda, Copper Queen and United Verde ores is high enough to insure a heavy surplus for reinvestment and fat dividends for parasites. And the coal mines are adding steadily to the millions already piled up by the Rockefellers and their kind.

And the miners in metal and coal mines get in wages only enough to provide them a meager living; the work is dangerous; they are driven to their tasks, their lungs corroded by the deadly dust; their protests are stilled by the blacklist.

The mining companies gained Power through Organization. To overcome that Power the mine workers must gain equal or greater Power. Organization will bring to the miners the Power they require. Industrial Organization, all mine workers in One Big Union, will give them Real Power.

ORGANIZE NOW! Join Metal and Coal Mine Workers' Industrial Unions 210-220, I. W. W.



*Metal and Coal Mine Workers
Industrial Union Nos. 210-220, IWW*